

AMERICA'S BOYS OF ACTION

BOY

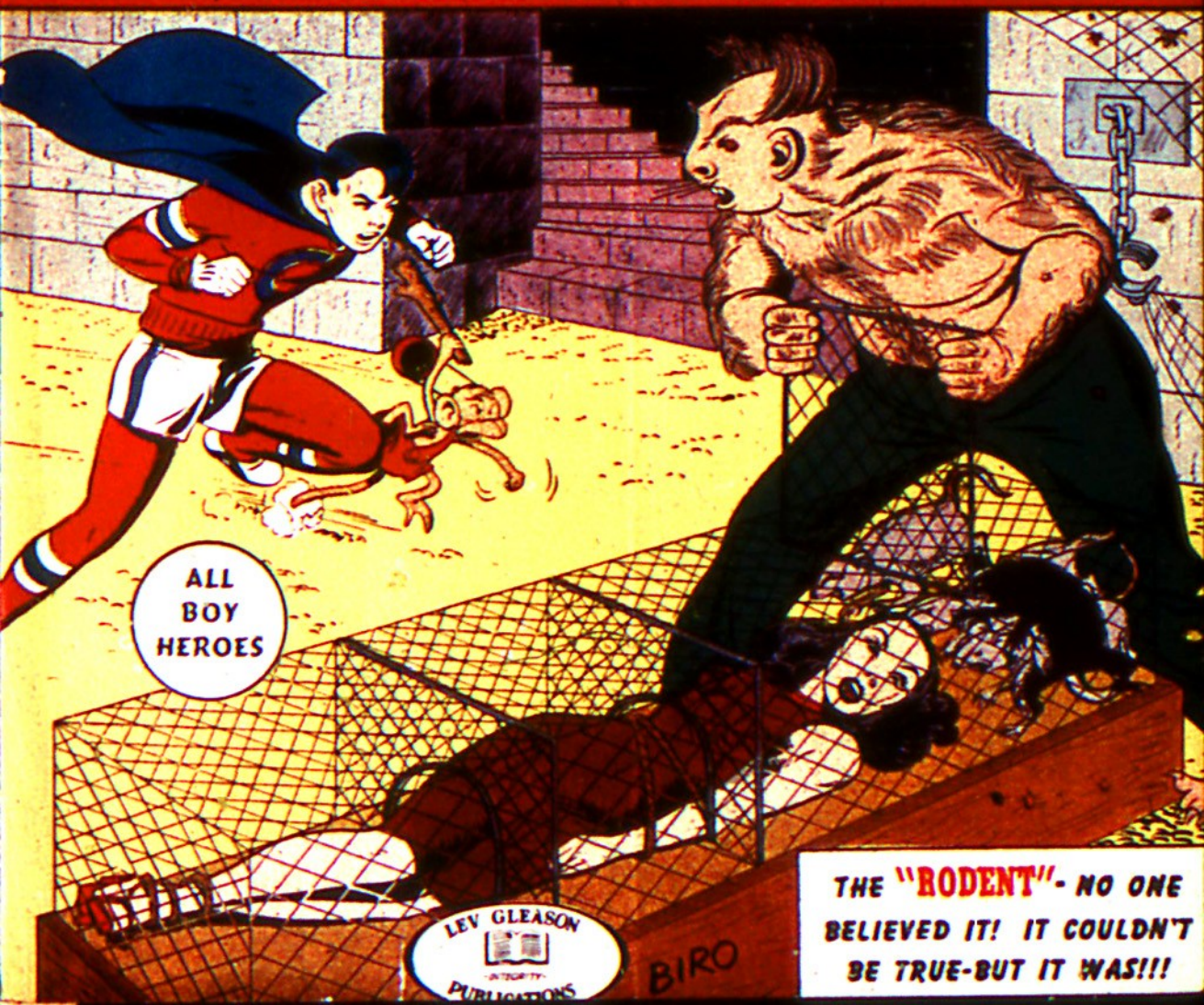
COMICS

APRIL
NO. 15

P.D.C.

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

10 CENTS



ALL
BOY
HEROES

LEV GLEASON

INTEGRITY
PUBLICATIONS

BIRO

THE "RODENT"- NO ONE
BELIEVED IT! IT COULDN'T
BE TRUE-BUT IT WAS!!!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

An Important Statement For Every Reader of Boy Comics

Paper is scarce because of the war. Thousands of tons are needed by the government in the fight against Hitler and the Japs. And thousands of wood choppers and loggers who normally supply the timber from which paper is made are fighting at the front.

Paper is rationed and the amount available for magazines has been sharply cut. Publishers are forced, therefore, to cut down on their comic magazines, and this issue has been reduced from 56 inside pages to 48 pages. That would have meant that you readers would have had eight pages less reading. With us, patriotism comes first—and we have reduced our paper requirements. Our readers come next—and we have dropped the usual seven pages of advertising to use the space for comics. This has cost us a loss of many thousands of dollars a month from advertising—but it gives you almost as much reading matter as before!

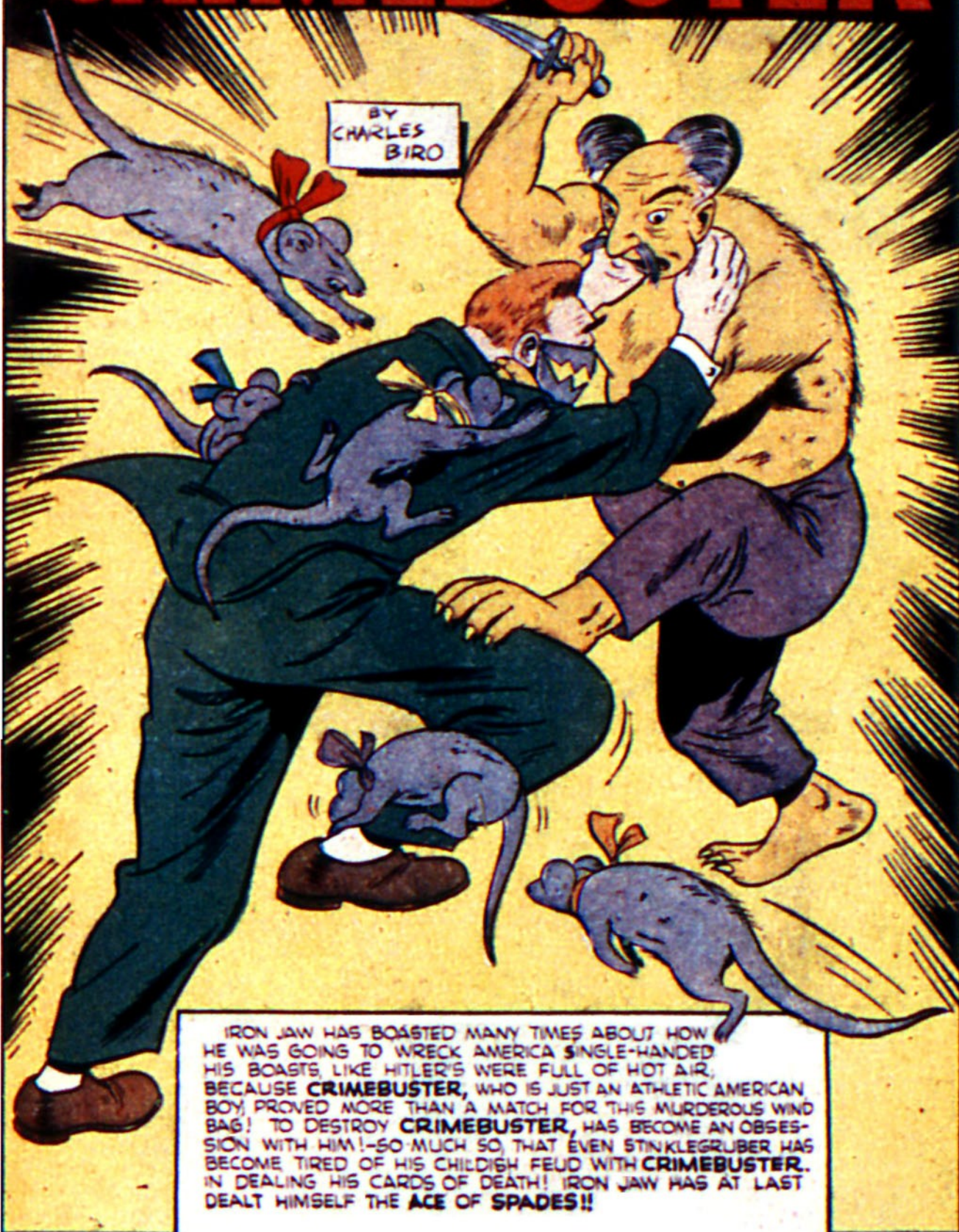
*Our comics will now follow right on the inside back cover, and the back cover itself. Every available pound of paper will be used for comics. The publishers of **Boy Comics**, **Daredevil** and **Crime Does Not Pay** again take the lead, no matter what the cost, to give you the **most** of the best. If you would care to write me telling what you think of the way we look after our readers' interest—I'll be glad to send you a souvenir you'll appreciate.*

Lev Gleason

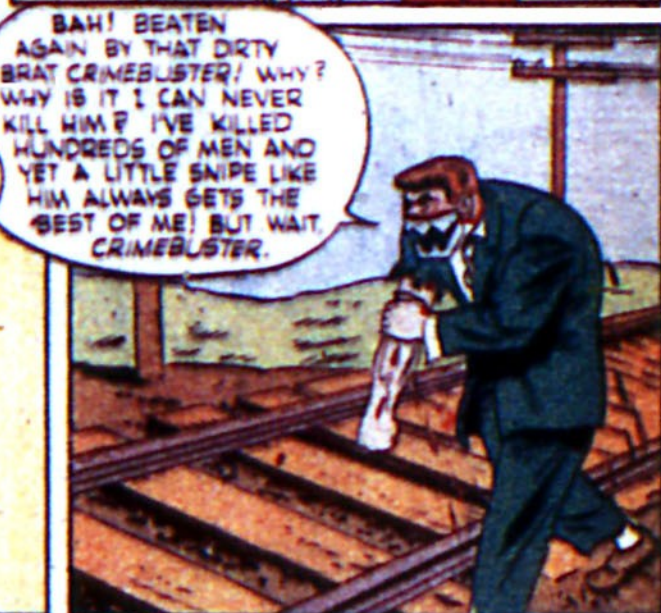
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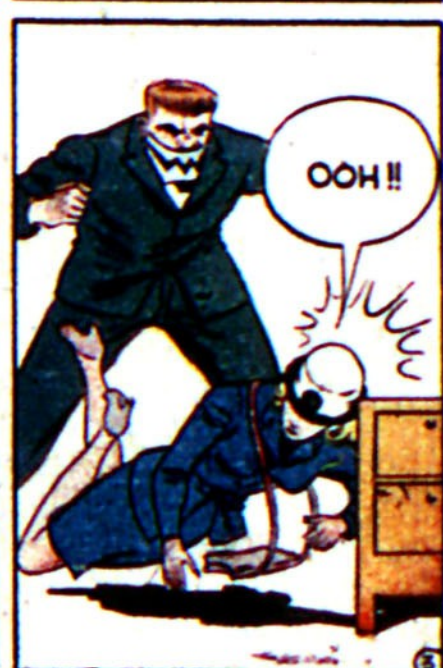
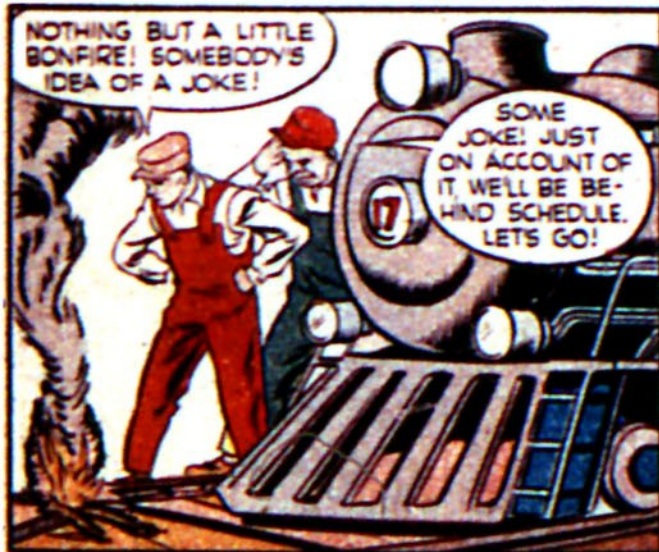
CRIMEBUSTER

BY
CHARLES
BIRO



IRON JAW HAS BOASTED MANY TIMES ABOUT HOW HE WAS GOING TO WRECK AMERICA SINGLE-HANDED. HIS BOASTS, LIKE HITLER'S WERE FULL OF HOT AIR, BECAUSE **CRIMEBUSTER**, WHO IS JUST AN ATHLETIC AMERICAN BOY, PROVED MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THIS MURDEROUS WIND BAG! TO DESTROY **CRIMEBUSTER**, HAS BECOME AN OBSESSION WITH HIM!—SO MUCH SO, THAT EVEN STINKLEGRUBER HAS BECOME TIRED OF HIS CHILDISH FEUD WITH **CRIMEBUSTER**. IN DEALING HIS CARDS OF DEATH! IRON JAW HAS AT LAST DEALT HIMSELF THE **ACE OF SPADES!!**







PLEASE-YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME WHO I AM!... MY NAME...

HELEN SMITH! THE. UNIFORM YOU'RE WEARING IS THAT OF A WAVE IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY!

BUT YOUR UNIFORM IS ONLY A FRONT! YOU'RE A GERMAN SPY WORKING FOR ME, IRON JAW THE GREATEST OF ALL THE SPIES AND SABOTEURS IN AMERICA!

ME? A SPY? I DON'T BELIEVE YOU!

YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE ME, UNLESS YOU WANT TO FIND YOURSELF STANDING AGAINST A WALL GETTING SHOT!

YOU'RE TAKING YOUR ORDERS FROM ME AND NOBODY ELSE! UNDER STAND? IF YOU TRY TO CROSS ME...

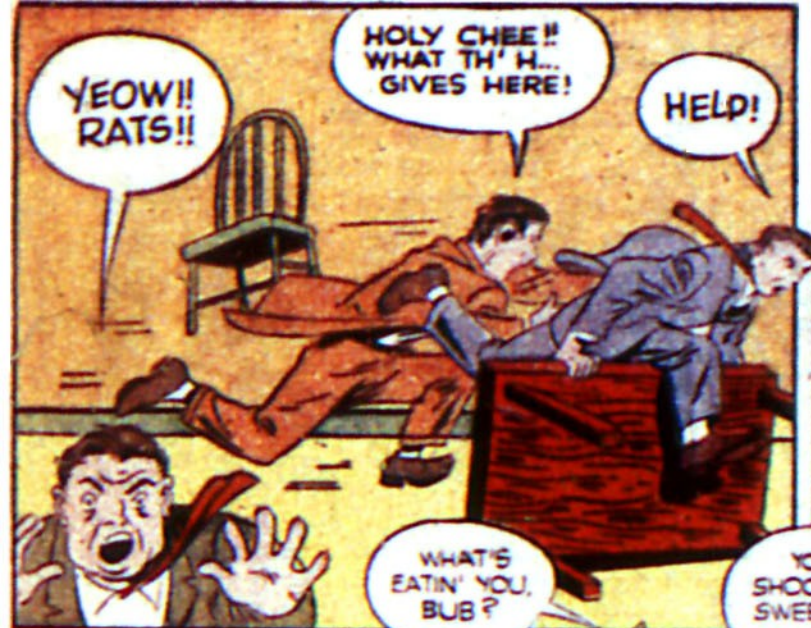
STOP IT! YOU'RE HURTING MY ARM!

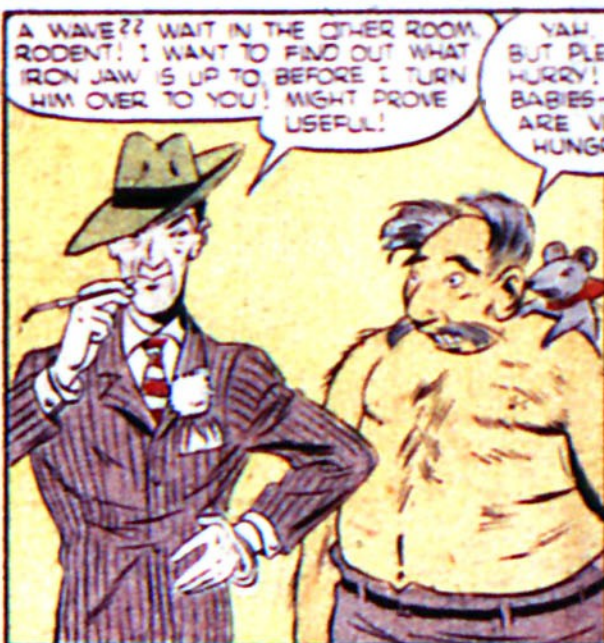
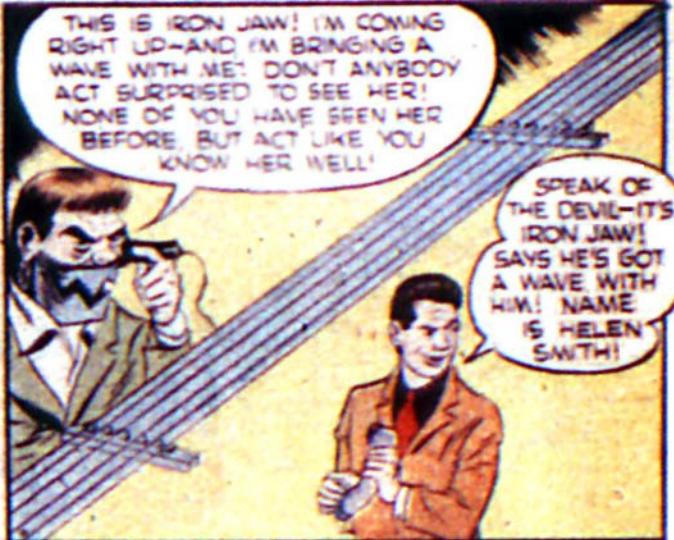
MISS SMITH, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? THERE'S A TRAIL OF BLOOD LEADING INTO YOUR COMPARTMENT!

DON'T OPEN THE DOOR! WE DON'T WANT ANY SNOOPING PORTERS COMING IN HERE!

THANK YOU, PORTER! I'M ALL RIGHT! I JUST CUT MY KNEE A LITTLE! IT'S ALL FIXED NOW!







TO WHAT DO WE
OWE THE HONOR OF THIS
VISIT, COUNT MAYO?—
HAS HITLER SENT YOU
OVER PERSONALLY TO
PRESENT ME WITH
MORE MEDALS?



WE'LL GO INTO
THAT A LITTLE
LATER—BUT FIRST,
WHAT IS THIS
WAVE DOING
HERE?



SHE HAD
A LITTLE
ACCIDENT...
STEP OVER
A LITTLE
CLOSER!



THE CRACK IN THE HEAD MADE
HER LOSE HER MEMORY! I TOLD
HER SHE WAS WORKING FOR THE
REICH! THINK WHAT IT WILL MEAN
HAVING A WAVE SPYING FOR US!
NOW—ABOUT THE REWARD FOR
MY SERVICES...



IF YOU WILL JUST STEP
IN THE OTHER ROOM, YOU
WILL SEE FOR
YOURSELF JUST
HOW MUCH YOU
RATE WITH
HITLER!



WHY THE
OTHER ROOM?
WHY NOT GIVE
IT TO ME,
HERE?

AFTER YOU SEE
IT, YOU WILL UNDER-
STAND! YOU WILL BE
SO OVERWHELMED, IT
IS BETTER YOU GO
IN, ALONE!



OH, YOU
MEAN THE
MEN MIGHT
GET JEALOUS!
MAYBE YOU'RE
RIGHT!

WHY
ARE THE
LIGHTS
OUT?



AND THIS IS THE
FINAL CHAPTER IN
YOUR LIFE, IRON JAW!
MAKE THE MOST
OF IT!



SO YOU'RE THE GREAT
IRON JAW? GREETINGS!!
MY LITTLE FAMILY HAS
BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU!



RATS!!



OPEN THIS
DOOR! WHAT
KIND OF A GAG
IS THIS?



DAISY YOU TAKE HIS
NECK-PANSY HIS ARMS-
LILY YOU VILL HAFF HIS
CHEST-UND I VILL KEEP
HIS HANDS BUSY!



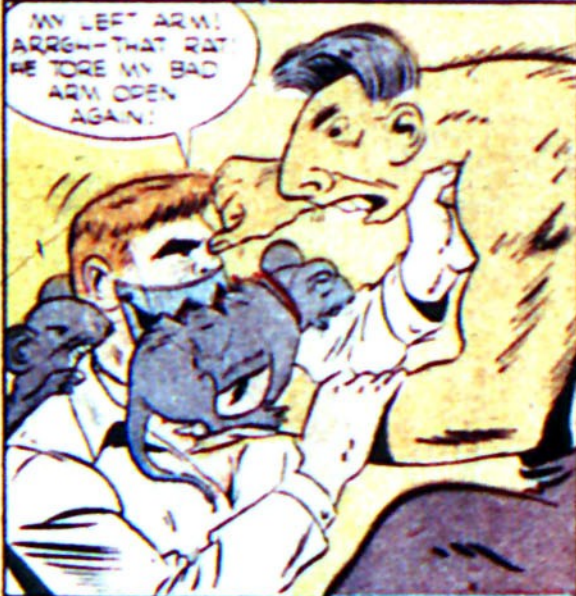
I SEE! SO THIS IS MY
REWARD FOR MY SERVICE
TO THE FATHERLAND! ALL
RIGHT YOU OVERGROWN
RAT-FACED WEASEL-
YOU'RE ASKING FOR IT!



I AM SURPRISED AND
INSULTED TO THINK THAT
THE COUNT WOULD RELY
ON A FEW RATS AND A
FREAK TO KILL THE
GREAT IRON JAW!



MY LEFT ARM!
ARRGH-THAT RAT
HE TORE MY BAD
ARM OPEN
AGAIN!



IF I HADNT LOST
A LOT OF BLOOD FROM
BEFORE I'D TEAR THIS
RODENT FROM LIMB
TO LIMB!



AHH-YOU ARE GETTING
VEAKER UND VEAKER
UND VEAKER!!



AAR-
RRGH

DEAD AT LAST! NEVER
HAS A MAN LASTED SO
LONG MITT WE UND DER
LITTLE ONES! NOW I
BELIEVE ALL I HEARD
ABOUT IRON JAW!



DAISY, LILY... BABIES,
NOW YOU MAY HAFF
YOUR FEAST! NOT ISS
WRONG-DEAD-ALL
MY LOVELY RATS
DEAD!





GOING THROUGH IRON JAW'S BELONGINGS I HAVE FOUND SOME REAL, WONDERFUL AMERICAN MONEY! WILL I GO ON A SPREE WHEN I GET TO GERMANY! HERE... WHAT'S THIS?



SO IRON JAW HAD SOME GOOD INFORMATION—HE MUST OF BEEN ON THE JOB! HE DIDN'T HAVE TO DIE AFTER ALL—JUST AS WELL, THO! NOW I CAN TAKE THE CREDIT FOR IT!



HEY COUNT WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO WITH THESE STIFFS! CAN'T KEEP 'EM HERE!

THE DICKS ALREADY THINK IRON JAW IS DEAD! THEY'VE BEEN SEARCHING THE RIVER FOR HIS BODY!



THEN THROW THEM BOTH IN THE RIVER! ONLY PUT WEIGHTS ON THE RODENT SO HE WILL SINK! LET THEM FIND IRON JAW! IT WILL LEAD ME TO THAT CRIME-BUSTER! I ALSO HAVE ORDERS TO ELIMINATE HIM!



O.K.—BE RIGHT OVER! GOOD-BYE!

THEY'VE FOUND IT, CRIMEBUSTER! THEY PULLED IRON JAW'S BODY OUT OF THE RIVER! FOR ONCE YOUR HUNCH WAS WRONG! COME ALONG—HIS BODY IS AT THE MORGUE!

LET'S GO! SEEING IS BELIEVING!



IF IRON JAW'S BODY WAS IN THE RIVER ALL THIS TIME HE SHOULD'VE BEEN FOUND LONG BEFORE THIS!

HA! HA! JUST DON'T LIKE TO ADMIT YOU'VE BEEN WRONG DO YOU CRIMEBUSTER! HA, HA!



THIS SHOULD DO YOUR HEART GOOD, CRIME-BUSTER, SEEING IT WITH YOUR OWN EYES! IRON JAW IS DEAD AT LAST!

LOOK! WHAT ARE ALL THESE BITES ON HIM? HE DIDN'T DROWN—HE WAS CHEWED TO DEATH BY SOMETHING! LOOKS LIKE RAT BITES!



HIS BODY MIGHT HAVE HIT SHORE AND RIVER RATS GOT AT HIM! WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE SO LONG AS HE'S DEAD!

A LOT OF DIFF! IT MEANS HE WAS MURDERED—THEN THROWN BACK INTO THE RIVER FOR US TO FIND!

I HOLD NO LOVE FOR IRON JAW! I COULDN'T OF WISHED A MORE FITTING DEATH—KILLED BY HIS FELLOW RATS, AND IT MEANS SOMEBODY OR THING MORE DEADLY THAN IRON JAW IS RUNNING AROUND LOOSE!





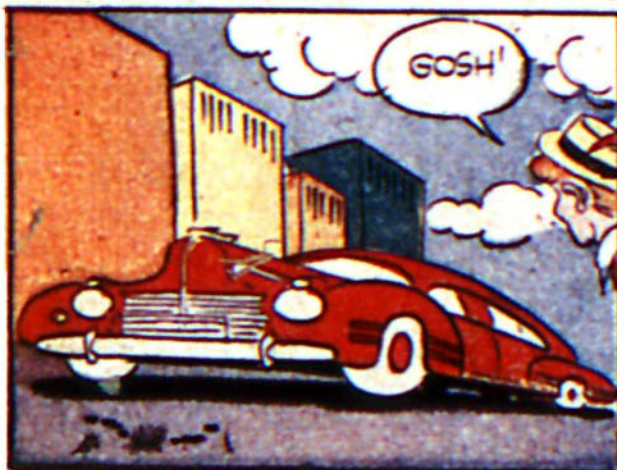
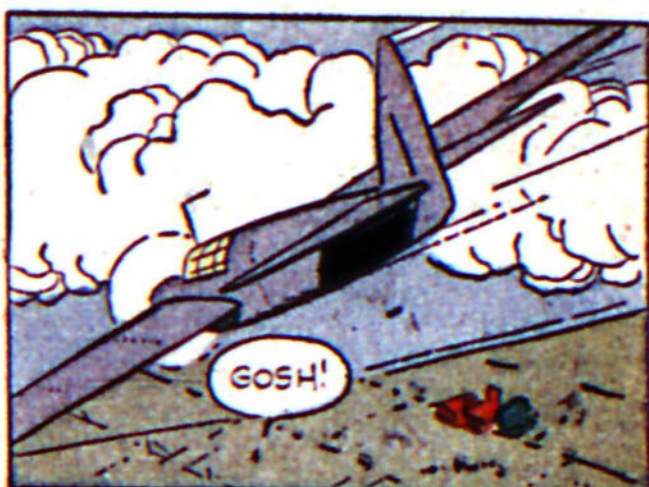
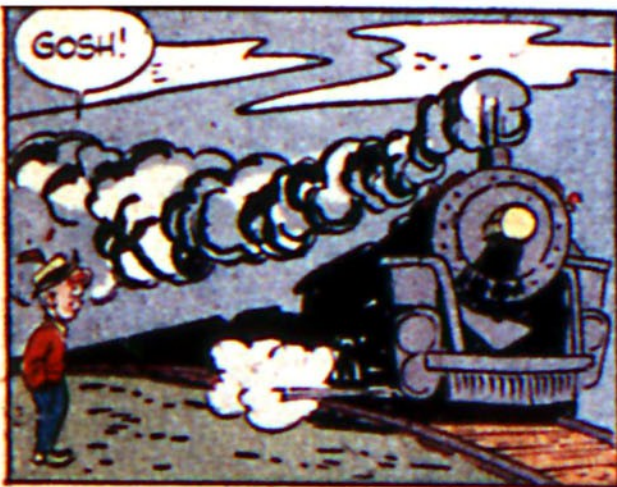


YANKEE LONGAGO

(pronounced "LONGAGO")

The BOY of To-day in the Land of Yesterday

by
DICK
BRIFER



GOSH! WHAT A LOT OF INVENTIONS!! NOW IF I REALLY WENT BACK IN TIME LIKE I DREAM I DO--WHAT WOULD I REALLY BE ABLE TO BUILD FROM OUR TWENTIETH CENTURY??



--OR SUPPOSE EVERYTHING HERE WERE DESTROYED AND IT WERE UP TO ME TO TELL HOW TO BUILD A MOTOR--OR A RADIO--GOSH--ALL I'D BE ABLE TO DO WOULD BE TO FRY AN EGG--IF I HAD AN EGG--AND A PAN--AND BUTTER--AND A FIRE--



THAT SETTLES IT!! I'M GOING TO GET PLANS FOR ALL THE IMPORTANT INVENTIONS. THEN WHEN THEY CALL ON ME, I'LL BE ABLE TO SHOW 'EM HOW TO DO IT.



ONE MONTH LATER... THERE! PLANS FOR A MOTOR--AN AUTO--A PLANE--A TANK--A SHIP--A RADIO--PLUMBING--WHAT A JOB!!



THAT NIGHT... COME ON, YANKEE! IT'S TIME FOR ME, MR. SANDMAN, TO TAKE YOU BACK IN TIME.



I'LL LEAVE YOU HERE, SON. G'BYE.

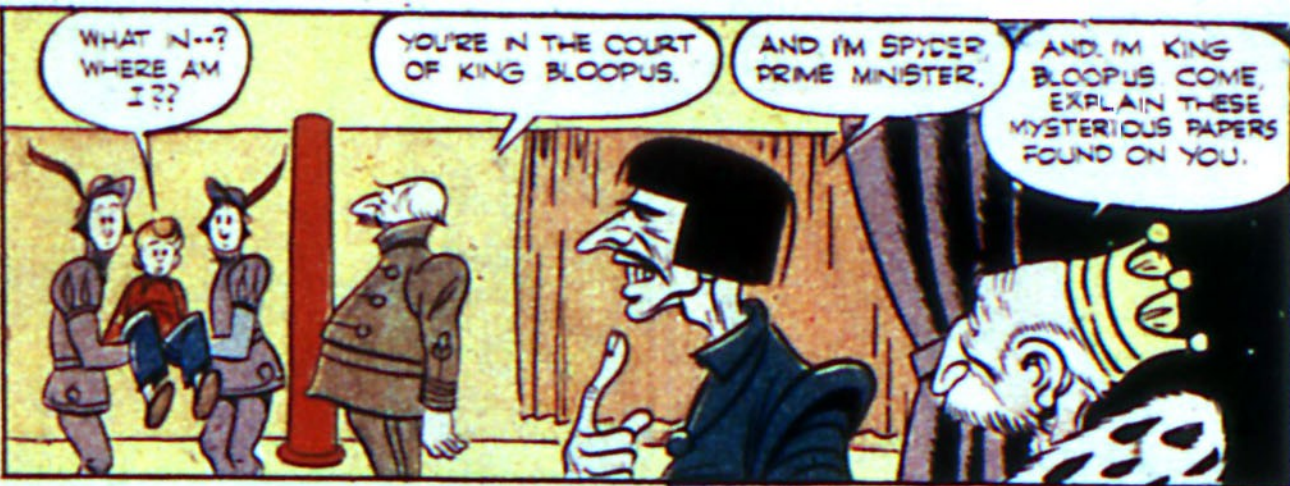


THIS STRANGE YOUTH HAS PAPERS WITH QUEER MARKINGS ON IT. LET US TAKE HIM TO THE KING!

AYE--LET US TAKE HIM TO THE KING!

TO THE KING!





AND THEN, AFTER INTENSIVE LABOR, TOOLS AND DIES AND LATHES AND PRESSES ARE READY.

IS THIS ALL RIGHT, SIR?

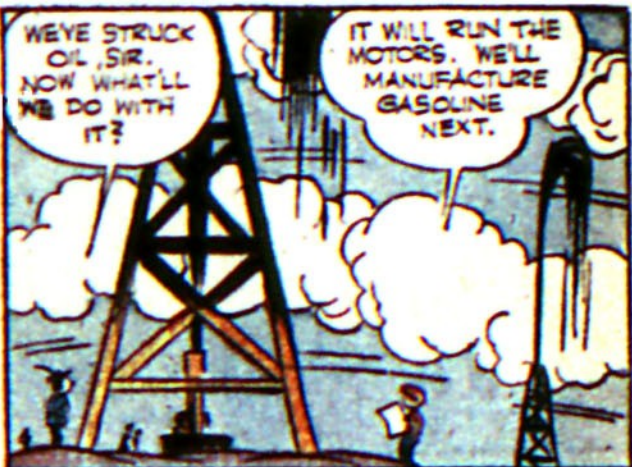
THE LATHE IS WORKING NOW, SIR.

WE'RE READY FOR YOUR FURTHER ORDERS, SIR.



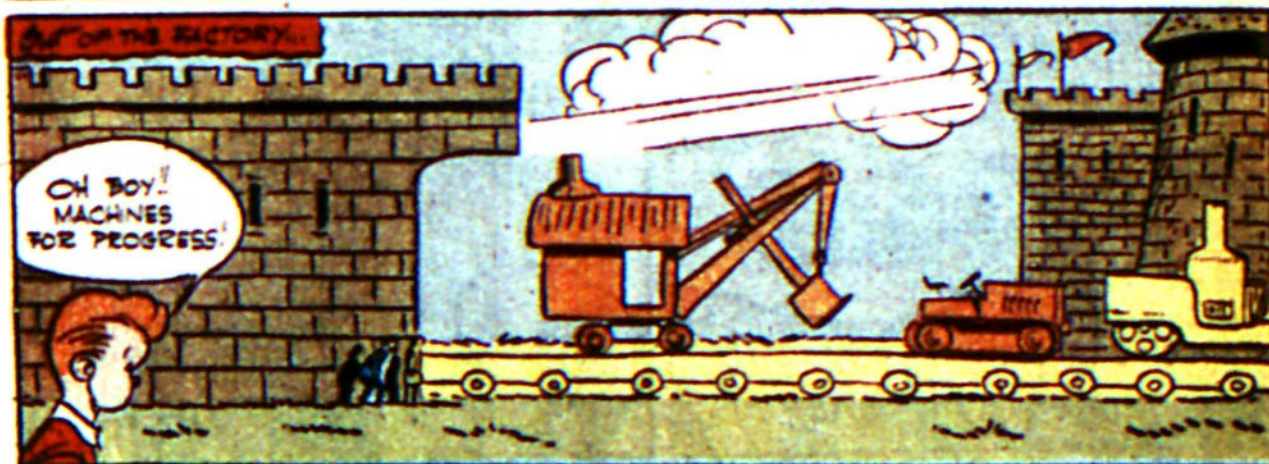
WE'VE STRUCK OIL, SIR. NOW WHAT'LL WE DO WITH IT?

IT WILL RUN THE MOTORS. WE'LL MANUFACTURE GASOLINE NEXT.



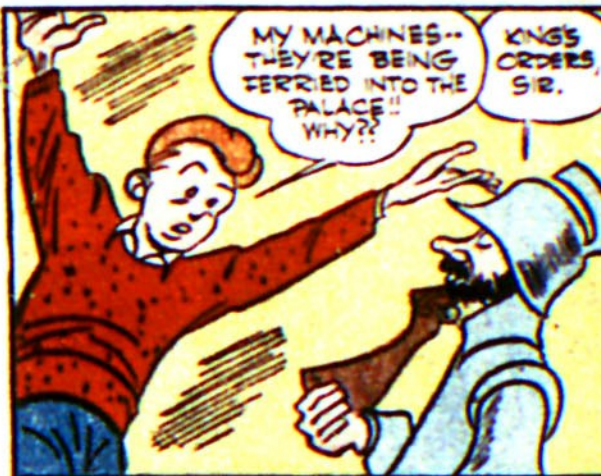
OUT OF THE FACTORY...

OH BOY!!
MACHINES
FOR PROGRESS!



MY MACHINES--
THEY'RE BEING
FERRIED INTO THE
PALACE--
WHY??

KING'S
ORDERS,
SIR.



YOU ARE NOT
ADMITTED TO THE
PALACE, KING'S
ORDERS.

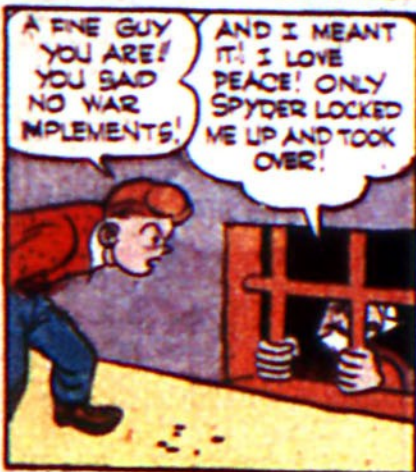


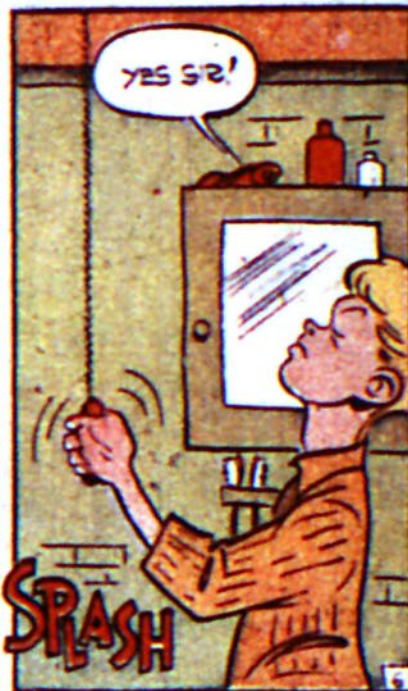
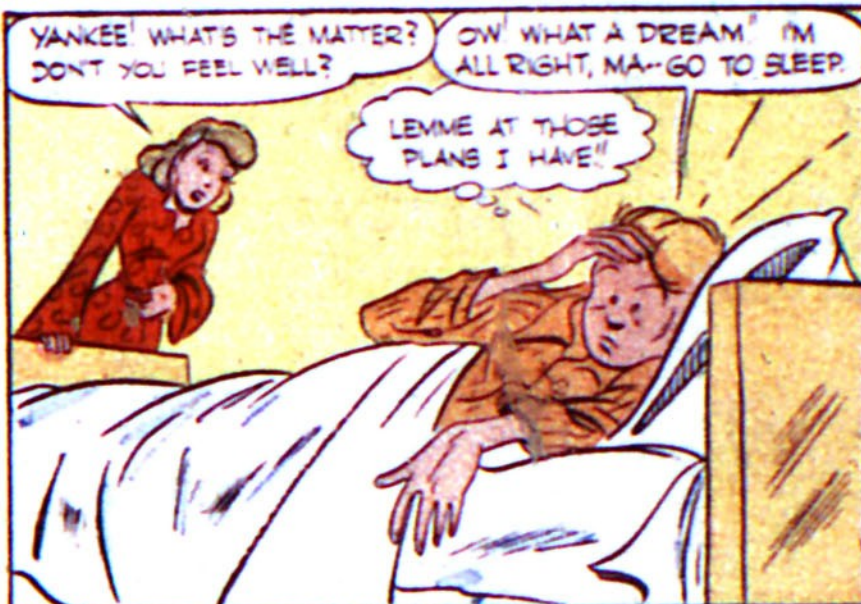
WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE?



YE GODS!! THE
KING'S CONVERTED
THEM ALL TO WAR
WEAPONS!!







IT'S A PROVEN FACT !!!

DAREDEVIL IS

ON
YOUR NEWS
STAND

THE
TREMENDOUS DEMAND
FOR DAREDEVIL COMICS
HAS CAUSED MANY
READERS TO MISS
SOME OF THE
ISSUES!

RESERVE YOUR
COPY EARLY !!!

THE GREATEST
NAME IN
COMICS!
NOW IT IS
WITHOUT A
DOUBT THE
MOST
SOUGHT
AFTER
COMIC
MAGAZINE

GET THE
MARCH ISSUE OF



OUT
NOW!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

FEATURING:-

"SCREAMING DEATH"
"THE MAN WHO LOVED MURDER"
"SENORITA OF SIN"
"MAD DOGS OF OKLAHOMA"
"PLAYBOYS OF CRIME"

AND OTHER TRUE CRIME STORIES!

BOY COMICS' **HERO** OF THE MONTH

A
TRUE
STORY

INTRODUCING ALEXANDER CHEKALIN, THE SIXTEEN-YEAR OLD RUSSIAN YOUTH, WHO APPLIED HEROIC TACTICS TO THE GRIM GAME OF WAR THAT HE HAD NEVER LEARNED IN SCHOOL!



AS THE BLOODY HAND OF WAR STRETCHED EVER FURTHER INTO RUSSIA, ALEX WAS ATTENDING THE NINTH GRADE OF SCHOOL IN THE TULA REGION.

WE MUST BE STRONG AND NOT LET THE SOUND OF OUR SOLDIERS FIGHTING NEARBY INTERFERE WITH OUR STUDIES!

WE HAVE NO FEAR, TEACHER. THE NAZIS SHALL NEVER COME THIS FAR!



BUT COURAGE ALONE WAS NOT ENOUGH TO STEM THE GERMAN ADVANCE, FOR...

QUICK! EVERYONE!
HIDE UNDER
YOUR DESKS!



I'M GOING TO LEAVE THE CLASS TEACHER! THE ARMY NEEDS YOUNG MEN LIKE MYSELF AND THE NAZIS ARE ALMOST UPON US!

THERE IS NO NEED OF MY TRYING TO STOP YOU! YOU ARE RIGHT! GO, AND TAKE MY BLESSINGS!

IS THERE NO CHANCE TO STEM THE ADVANCE NOW, SIR?

IT IS BAD SON! BAD, INDEED BUT WE HAVE HOPE! THERE IS A DESTROYER BATTALION BEHIND THEIR LINES! IF WE CAN SUPPLY THEM, THE NAZI REAR WILL HAVE TO FALL BACK!

IT WAS THEN THAT SIXTEEN YEAR OLD ALEXANDER MADE A FIRM DECISION!

DO NOT WORRY! IT WILL NOT BE HARD FOR A SMALL BOY LIKE MYSELF TO GET THROUGH THE LINES!

GOOD LUCK, LAD, AND TELL OUR MEN WE ARE HOLDING UP HERE! AND NOT TO BE DISCOURAGED!

LIKE A YOUNG DEER, ALEX PLUNGED THROUGH THE CURTAIN OF BLOOD AND BULLETS!

ACH! IT IS A YOUNG BRAT! BUT HE IS HARD TO HIT!

DER FOOL SEEM NOT TO CARE ABOUT LIFE AT ALL!

HALT! THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

IT IS ALEXANDER A COMRADE!

WHY, IT IS A MERE CHILD!

HOW DID YOU GET THROUGH THE NAZI LINES?

IT WAS NOT HARD...THEY DO NOT FEAR A YOUNGSTER MUCH, BUT THEY SHALL SOON LEARN DIFFERENTLY!

THE DAYS WENT BY AND LITTLE BY LITTLE, ALEXANDER LEARNED THE DANGEROUS AND DIFFICULT WORK OF THE BATTALION HIS WORK BECAME GREATER AND GREATER UNTIL...

DIS IS A DISGRACE TO DER OUTFIT! ONE BOY IS MAKING A FOOL OF US ALL!

BUT HOW SIR? THOSE WERE FULLY ARMED SOLDIERS THAT ATTACKED US!



ALEXANDER'S WORDS RANG TRUE—DAYS OF TORTURE COULD NOT OPEN HIS LIPS!

BUT BROKEN AND BATTERED, ALEXANDER'S MIND WAS ALIVE. 'A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

TAKE HIM DOWN TO REST! HE MUSTN'T DIE BEFORE HE GIVES US DER INFORMATION!

AMAZING—DER STAMINA UFF SUCH A YOUNG ONE!

THEY THOUGHT I WAS TOO WEAK... PERHAPS I AM, B-BUT I SHALL CHANCE IT!

HOURS LATER...

HE WAS LYING IN THE WOODS, HALF DEAD!

HURRY INTO MY TENT. THAT YOUTH HAS DONE MORE THAN HIS SHARE!

WHEN STRENGTH FINALLY RETURNED TO THE TORTURED LAD, HIS FIRST WORDS WERE...

I'M ALL RIGHT NOW, SIR! READY FOR FURTHER ORDERS!

NO, ALEXANDER! YOU ARE STILL A SICK BOY! I AM HAVING A DETACHMENT TAKE YOU TO OUR NEAREST HOSPITAL!

THROUGH THE WOODS PLUNGED THE SOLDIERS ON THEIR ERRAND OF MERCY, BUT THE NAZIS WERE PERSISTENT!

KAPITAN, VE HAFF DISCOVERED DER YOUTH! HE ISS BEING ESCORTED BY COMRADES AND VE HAFF DEM SIGHTED!

GOODT! FOLLOW DEM UND FIND OUT WHERE DEY ARE TAKING HIM!

HOURS LATER, ALEXANDER'S PROTECTORS SENSED THE DANGER.

ALEX THE NAZIS ARE ON OUR TRAIL! WE DON'T HAVE A CHANCE OF MAKING THE HOSPITAL WITHOUT THEM LEARNING ITS WHEREABOUTS!

IT'S ALL RIGHT! I HAVE RELATIVES IN THE VILLAGE! I WILL HIDE THERE WITH THEM!

ALEX! YOU HERE! WE WERE SO WORRIED!

THERE IS NO NEED FOR WORRY. I AM QUITE SAFE!

BUT ALEX WAS NOT SAFE... THAT EVENING...

THIS IS THE PLACE HE ENTERED, SIR!

COVER EVERY ENTRANCE AND EXIT. WE WILL FORCE HIM OUT!

ALEXANDER CHEKALIN, COME OUT AND SURRENDER! DER HOUSE VILL BE BURNED IF YOU REFUSE!

TAKE ME, YOU SWINE! TAKE ME AND WE SHALL ALL PERISH TOGETHER!

MEIN GOTT! A GRENADE!

LOOK OUT!

THERE IS NO HOPE FOR ESCAPE NOW, BUT THEY SHALL GO WITH ME—EVERY DEVILISH ONE OF THEM!

MORE LONG NIGHTS OF TORTURE THEN FINALLY... THE NAZI LAST RESORT, A PUBLIC HANGING AND ALEXANDER WENT DOWN TO A HERO'S DEATH!

BUT UNFORTUNATELY THE HAND GRENADE DID NOT GO OFF!

VOT A MIRACLE! DER GRENADE WAS A DUD!

DER RUSSIAN SWINE—TRYING TO KILL US ALL!

IF DER FOOLS SEE ENOFF OF DEMSELVES HANGING, PERHAPS DEY VILL NOT BE SO VILLING TO RESIST!

ALEXANDER IS DEAD—BUT THEY CANNOT KILL US ALL. WE SHALL AVENGE HIM, AND THOSE NAZI GENERALS A THOUSAND TIMES OVER... I SWEAR IT!

A SONG FOR VICTORY

By Dick Wood

THE CAPTAIN and the Lieutenant were sitting at their desks in the Red Army headquarters in a little village a few miles out of Stalingrad, pouring over their maps of the area. This was the first time in several weeks that they had had a chance to sit down and relax. The Nazis had been driven back and the soldiers under the Captain's command were being given a little breathing spell to wash up, eat and rest.

Suddenly the door of the headquarters burst open. In rushed Peter, a twelve-year-old village boy, shouting breathlessly to everyone:

"The Nazis! They're coming! I saw them! A whole brigade of Nazis! They're wearing Russian uniforms. Hurry, come on!"

"What's that you say?" the Captain asked. "Nazis?"

"Yes, yes," shouted Peter, unable to control himself. "Nazis wearing Russian uniforms. A whole brigade of them, marching along the road to Stalingrad northwest of the village. Come quickly!"

That was enough for the Captain. He gave his orders snappily and the Lieutenant rushed out to relay them to the men who were scattered throughout the village.

If Peter said the Nazis were coming up the road northwest of the village dressed as Russians, it must be so, the Captain figured. Hadn't Peter brought valuable information to him before? Wasn't Peter one of the best scouts the Partisans in the area had?

Yes, Peter was a scout for the Partisans. He

had been working as one of them ever since his father had been hanged in the village square by the Nazis after blowing up a Nazi ammunition dump along with four other Partisans. Peter had watched his father's body hanging from a tree alongside the body of his Uncle Vanya, Cousin Kolya and two other villagers. He had sworn that he would have his revenge. A thousand Nazis would die for each one of the villagers hanged, Peter swore as he clenched his fists.

After his father had been murdered by the Nazis, all of the women and children of the village had been rounded up and herded like cattle into the barn belonging to the collective farm. The Nazis, their faces beaming, then put a torch to the barn and Peter, hiding in the nearby woods with a bunch of other boys who had escaped the Nazi roundup, watched the barn go up in flames—the barn into which his mother had been thrown with his baby sister.

He and the other boys from the village had joined the Partisans after the barn-burning and ever since had been acting as scouts, spying on Nazi troops in the area and helping the Partisans plan and execute raids on the despised Germans.

About two minutes after the Lieutenant rushed out of the Red Army headquarters with his orders for the men to fall in, the entire brigade was assembled, listening to the Captain giving his directions for the attack.

"Men," the Captain said, "Peter here, one of our best Partisan scouts, has reported that a

brigade of Germans dressed as Russians are coming up the northwest road to Stalingrad. You know that we can't let them get through. For the sake of the glorious Red Army and the Fatherland, we must stop them. Let's go!"

Peter hung at the Captain's coattails while he gave the orders.

"May I go with you, Comrade Captain?" he asked. "Let me help fight them. I'm big enough to handle any of those Nazis."

The Captain smiled, hesitated as he watched Peter's eager face and finally — after what seemed like hours to Peter—said, "Yes, little comrade."

Marching in front of the brigade with the Captain, Peter led the way over the hill to the road on which the Nazis were approaching. Sure enough, as soon as they had reached the top of the hill, they saw the Nazis, in their Russian uniforms marching, as Peter had said, towards Stalingrad.

Carefully studying the lay of the land, the Captain divided his men into small groups and spread them out to circle the Nazis. At a given signal, the men jumped out of their hiding places and attacked from all sides. The surprised Nazis put up a good fight but they were no match for the Red Army soldiers who were fighting with steel in their arms, lead in their guns and hate in their hearts for this enemy which dared to invade their homeland. It took a short while, but the Nazis were overcome—most of their men were left lying in the road, dead, and the remainder had been taken prisoner.

"Make yourself comfortable, little comrade," the Captain said to Peter later in the day, "I want to talk to you."

"Yes, Comrade Captain," Peter said as he sat down flushed with pleasure because the Captain had sent for him.

"That was a good day's work you did today, Peter. If you hadn't warned us in time the Nazis might have been able to pass through our lines and reached Stalingrad. That would have been a tremendous victory for them and would have made it all the harder for our men inside of Stalingrad to defend the city. Yes, it was a good day's work."

Peter glowed. He was happy that he had been able to do his part. Killing and capturing a brigade of Nazis was a little repayment for what they had done to his father and his mother and his sister.

"Thank you, Comrade Captain," he said.

"But tell me, Peter," the Captain continued. "How did you know that the soldiers coming up the road were Nazis? After all, they wore Red Army uniforms, they had our kind of rifles and machine guns. They looked like our men. How did you know that they were Nazis?"

Peter smiled. He looked up at the Captain who was now standing by the window looking out into the dark, and said:

"But Comrade Captain, that was easy. I just followed them about three hours, without their seeing me. They looked like our men, alright. They even marched like them. But they weren't singing. Our men always sing when they march. They didn't even sing once. So I knew that they couldn't be Russians."

The story of Peter is a true story. It is typical of thousands of Russian boys and girls in the Stalingrad area who fought with their parents to save their country. Most of them now are orphans and they are living in a Children's Home in Stalingrad called "Silver Ponds."

American boys and girls have helped build this Home. Skippy Homeier, star of the Broadway play, "Tomorrow the World," heads the committee. Virginia Weidler, Roddy McDowell and Margaret O'Brien and many other young Hollywood stars are helping.

Would you like to be a pal of these brave boys and girls?

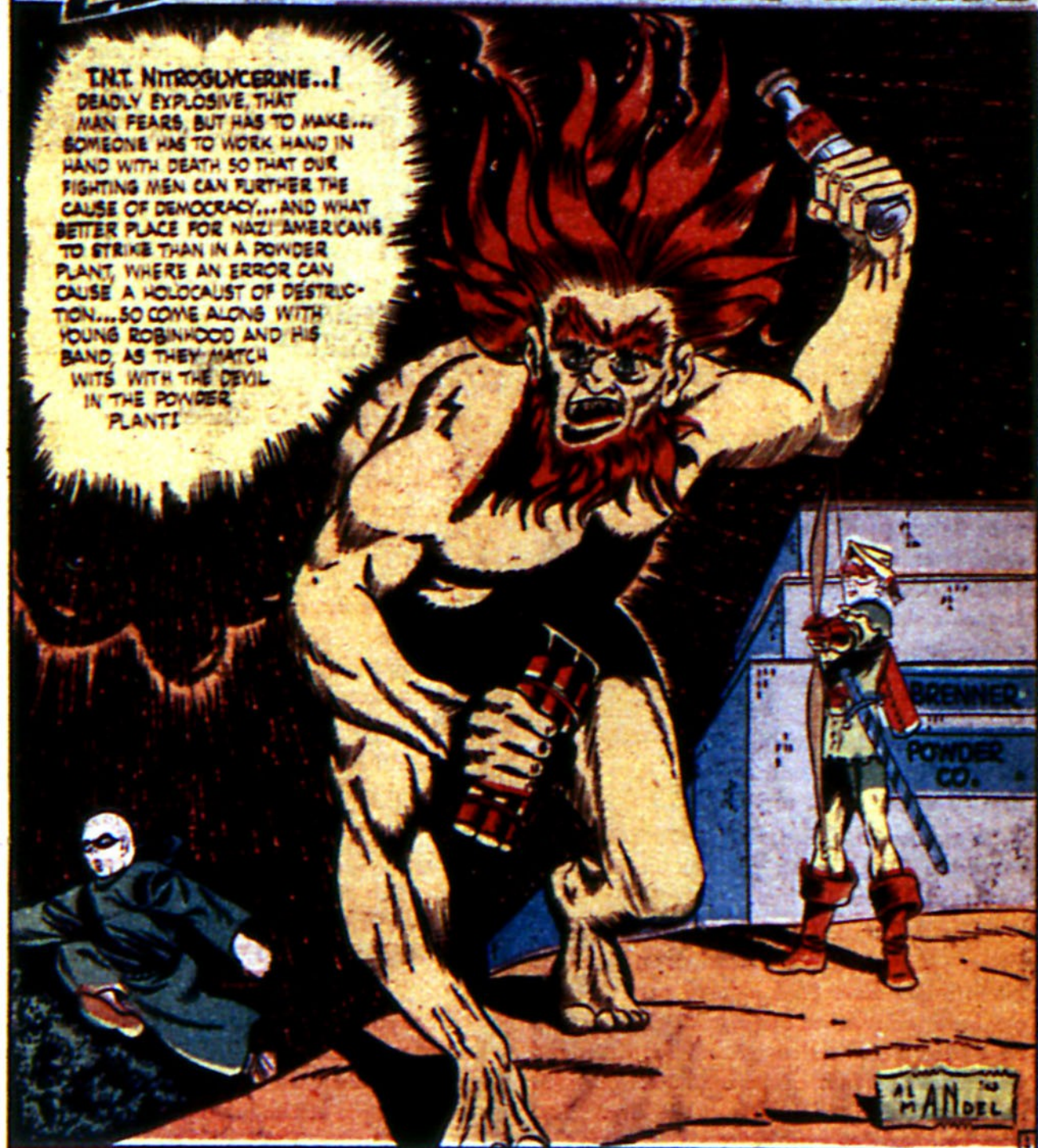
If so, you may join the "Stalingrad Silver Ponds Club of America" by writing to Skippy Homeier, Ambijan Committee, 285 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., and enclosing 10c.

More stories about these boys and girls will be sent you with a wonderful little booklet and a membership card in the club making you officially a pal of the Stalingrad Heroes.

THE END

YOUNG **ROBINHOOD** AND HIS BAND

T.N.T. NITROGLYCERINE...!
DEADLY EXPLOSIVE, THAT
MAN FEARS, BUT HAS TO MAKE...
SOMEONE HAS TO WORK HAND IN
HAND WITH DEATH SO THAT OUR
FIGHTING MEN CAN FURTHER THE
CAUSE OF DEMOCRACY...AND WHAT
BETTER PLACE FOR NAZI AMERICANS
TO STRIKE THAN IN A POWDER
PLANT, WHERE AN ERROR CAN
CAUSE A HOLOCAUST OF DESTRUC-
TION...SO COME ALONG WITH
YOUNG ROBINHOOD AND HIS
BAND, AS THEY MATCH
WITS WITH THE DEVIL
IN THE POWDER
PLANT!



AL
MANDEL

A FIGURE STAGGERS SLOWLY DOWN
A DARK STREET...DRIPPING BLOOD...
HE LABORIOUSLY CLIMBS SOME
BROKEN STEPS!

OPEN UP! OPEN UP!
I-IT'S ME...MUELLER!



YOU FOOL! SCREAMING
THAT WAY...WHAT HAPPENED?
ARE THE POLICE FOLLOWING
YOU?

NO...NO...I-
I GOT AWAY...
B-BUT THEY
SHOT ME!



ALLRIGHT...WE'VE TAKEN CARE OF
YOU....NOW...HOW DID IT HAPPEN?...
DID YOU FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS
FOR THE CENTER POWDER
BUILDING?

I COULDN'T, IT WAS
TOO WELL GUARDED.
I TRIED TO CLIMB
THE FENCE!



YOU DUMB DONKEY...IF THINGS
WENT WRONG YOU SHOULD HAVE
RETURNED...NOW IT'S UP TO ME...
TOMORROW, I WILL HAVE A PLAN
AND YOU SHALL EACH HELP ME,
MY WAY!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING WE FIND YOUNG ROBIN-
HOOD AND HIS BAND IN CENTRAL PARK!

NOW I WONDER WHY
MR. BRENNER WANTED
US TO MEET HIM HERE?

HE DIDN'T SAY...BUT
ANYONE RUNNING A
POWDER PLANT LIKE
HIS, NO DOUBT HAS TO
HAVE COMPLETE SECRECY!



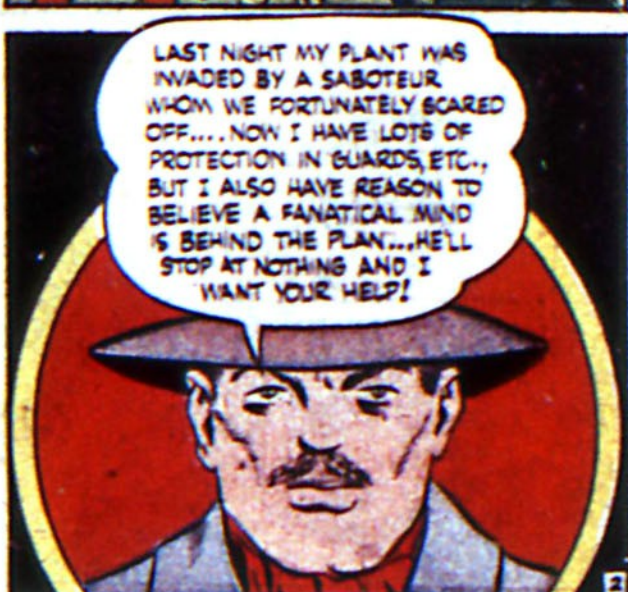
HERE COMES
SOMEONE NOW!

THANKS FOR COMING
ROBINHOOD...I KNOW
YOU'RE CURIOUS AND I
HAVEN'T MUCH TIME, SO
I'LL GET RIGHT DOWN
TO BUSINESS!

THAT'S O.K.
WITH US, MR.
BRENNER!



LAST NIGHT MY PLANT WAS
INVADDED BY A SABOTEUR
WHOM WE FORTUNATELY SCARED
OFF...NOW I HAVE LOTS OF
PROTECTION IN GUARDS, ETC.,
BUT I ALSO HAVE REASON TO
BELIEVE A FANATICAL MIND
IS BEHIND THE PLAN...HE'LL
STOP AT NOTHING AND I
WANT YOUR HELP!



YOU SEE, THIS AGENT TRIED TO CLIMB A HILL BEHIND THE PLANT AND THROW A GRENADE INTO THE MAIN POWDER DEPARTMENT... NOW IF YOU LADS COULD PROWL ABOUT IN YOUR CLEVER WAY... I WOULD FEEL MUCH SAFER!

IT'S A GO, MR. BRENNER WE'LL BE THERE TONIGHT AT EIGHT!

YOU BET!

EVENING FALLS...AND AT THE BRENNER POWDER PLANT!

WELL, ROBINHOOD I GUESS I'VE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING...THEY COULDN'T GET BY US IN A MILLION YEARS, BUT IF ONE OF THEM IS NUTS ENOUGH TO RUSH PAST US AND TAKE A CHANCE WE'VE GOT TO BE PREPARED!

AND WE ARE!

THE HOURS SLIP BY IN PEACE AND QUIET WHEN SUDDENLY...

JOHN, JOHN! THOSE LIGHTS NEAR YOU... WHAT ARE THEY?

I DON'T KNOW... OH YES, IT'S A TRUCK COMING THIS WAY LIKE THE DEVIL!

ALL RIGHT LADS ALL TRAFFICS BARRED FROM THIS ROAD... ON YOUR TOES!

LET 'EM TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF!

HEY...WHASSA IDEA HERE? LET US GO BY!

WHOSA WISE GUY BLOCKING THE ROAD?

PILE OUT YOU FELLOWS, WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

SEE WHAT THEY'VE GOT IN THERE FRIAR!

DON'T BE A JERK WE'RE JUST SHIPPING ORANGES TO THE CITY...THAT'S ALL...SURE!

HERE COMES THE GUARDS!

THAT'S RIGHT! THE TRUCK'S LOADED WITH THEM!

WHAT'S UP?...WHO ARE THESE MEN, ROBIN?

I DON'T KNOW! THEY APPEAR TO BE DRUNK...MAYBE GOT THE WRONG ROAD!

SURE, THASS IT! I JESS COULDN'T SEE NO PRIVATE ROAD!

WHY, YOU PHONEY YOU'RE NO DRUNKER THAN I AM! IT'S A GAG, KID!

JUST WHAT I THOUGHT! WE'LL BRING 'EM BACK AND SEARCH 'EM!

AW PHOOEY?

HEY! WHAT IS THIS? THIS AIN'T THE WAY TO THE POLICE STATION!

YOU'RE NOT GOING THERE YET...MR. BRENNER MIGHT WANT TO SEE YOU, BROTHER!

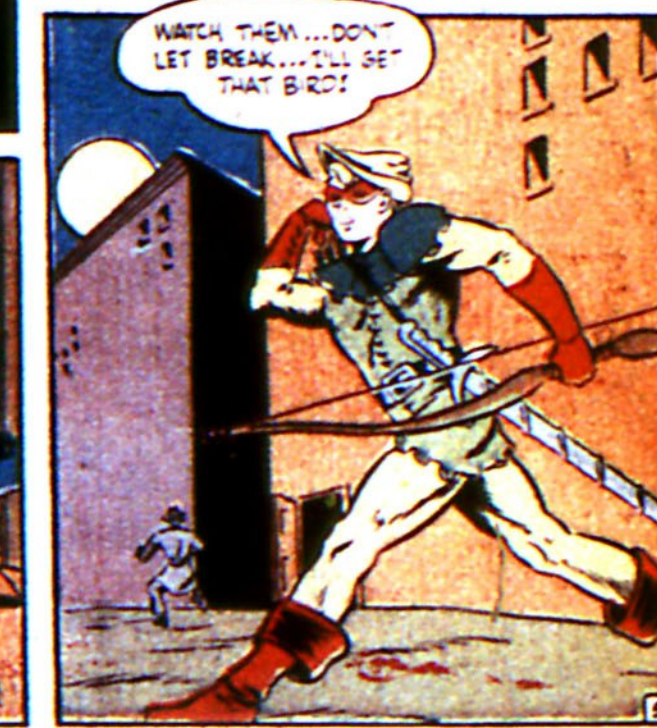
EXCELLENT!...THE GUARDS RUSHED OFF, LEAVING ME AN OPEN FIELD!

SOMETIMES MY PLANS EVEN ASTONISH ME...SUCH COMPLETE THOROUGHNESS...AND SUCCESS A-HA THIS IS THE BUILDING-THE MAIN PLANT!

THE PERFECT PLACE FOR A CHARGE OF EXPLOSIVE... THEN...WHAT'S THAT?

ALL RIGHT, YOU GET OUT HERE!

B-BUT THIS IS THE MAIN POWDER PLANT!



COME AND GET ME
ROBINHOOD...JUST
TRY IT...YOU'RE LATE,
TOO LATE! DO YOU
HEAR?

NUTTY AS A FRUIT
CAKE...I'LL DO JUST
THAT LITTLE THING,
FRIEND!

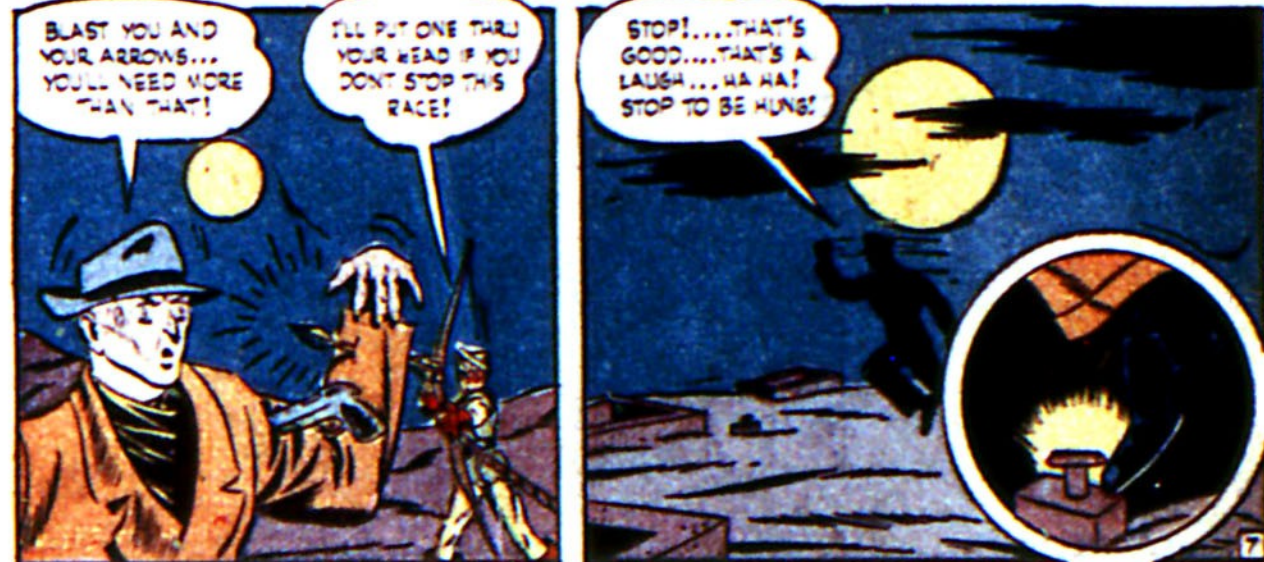
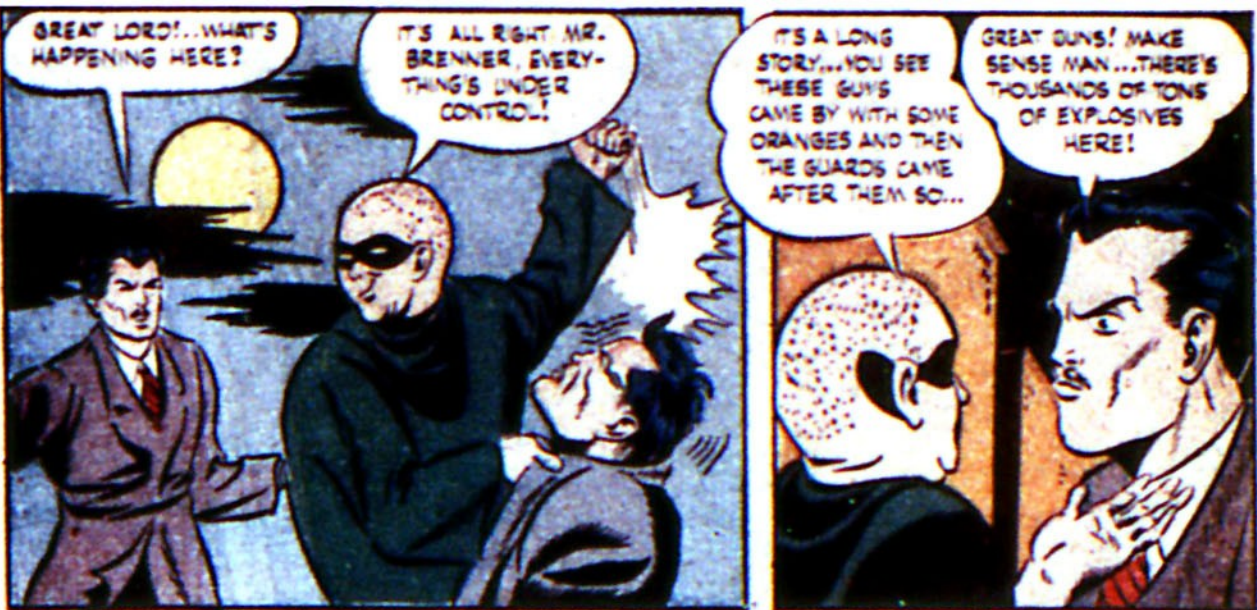
CRACK!

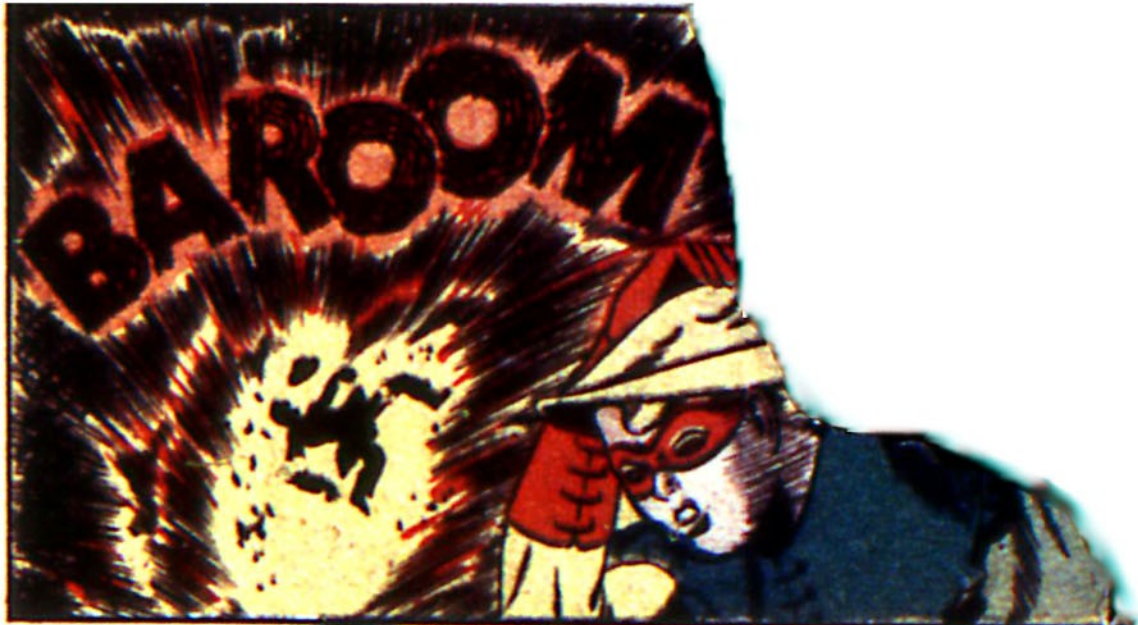
YEAH, BUT WHAT
ABOUT THAT
DYNAMITE?

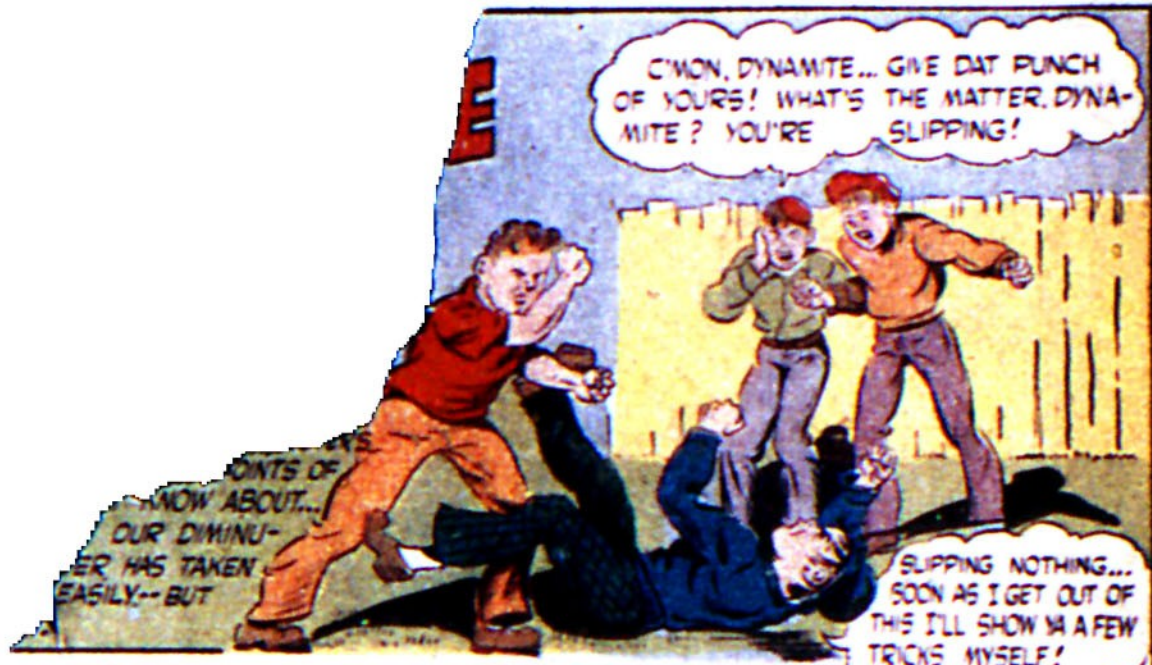
ROBIN WILL
GET IT OKAY!

JUST WHAT I'VE
BEEN WISHING FOR!
A LITTLE OPPOSITION!



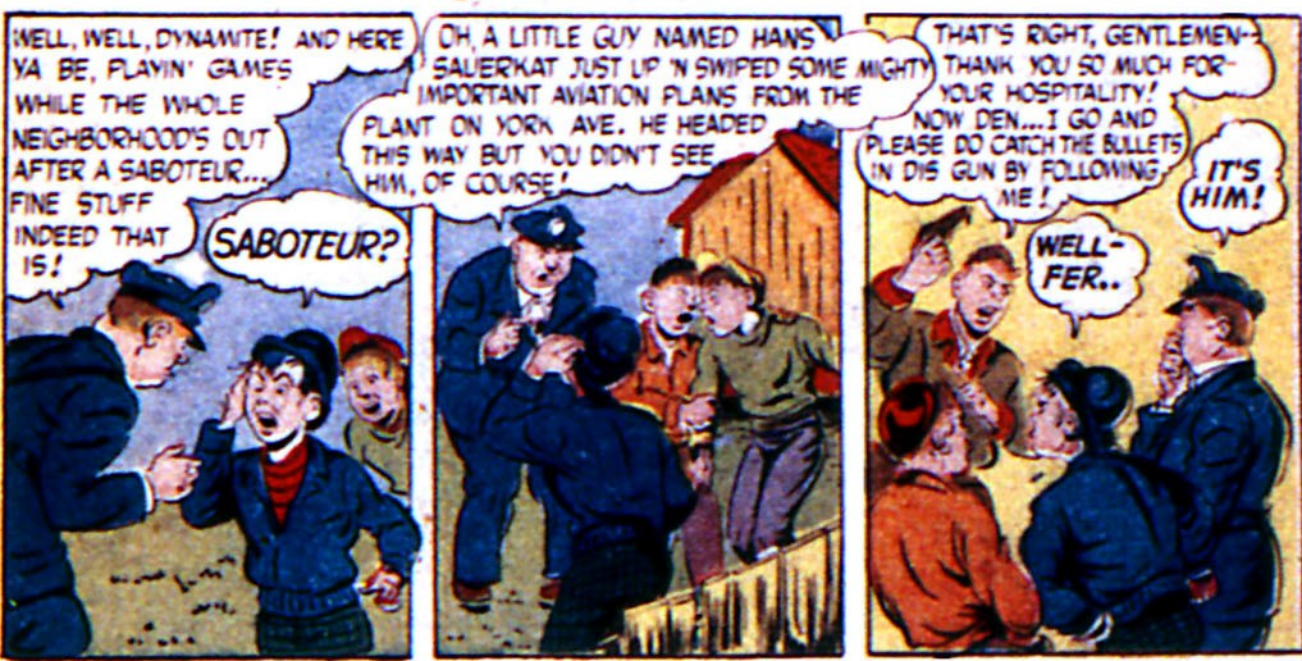
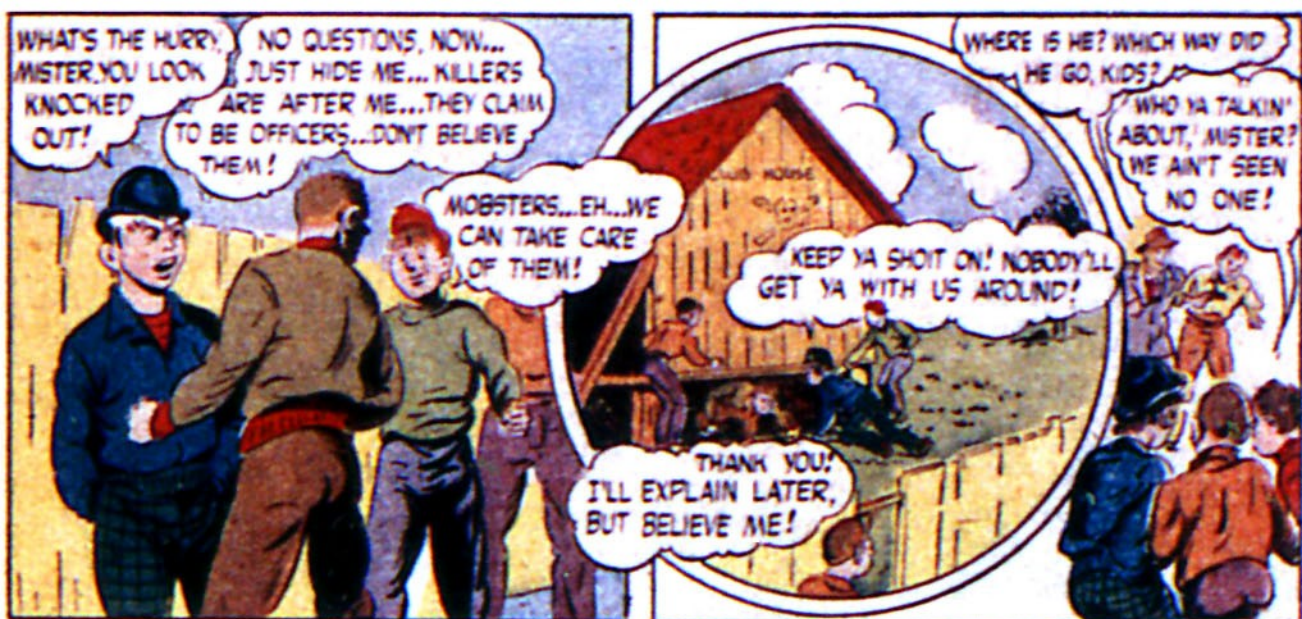




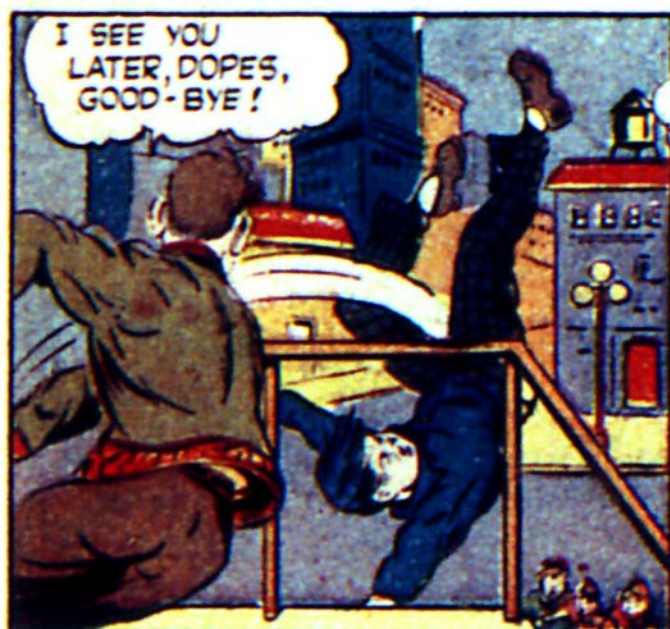
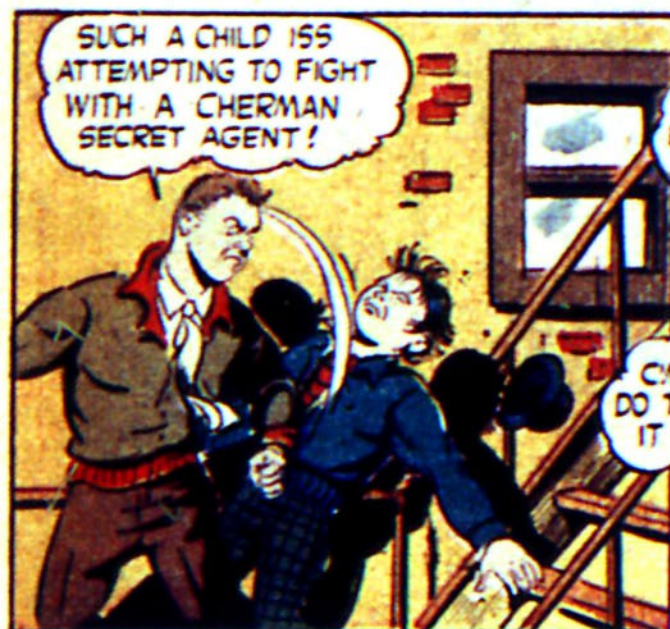


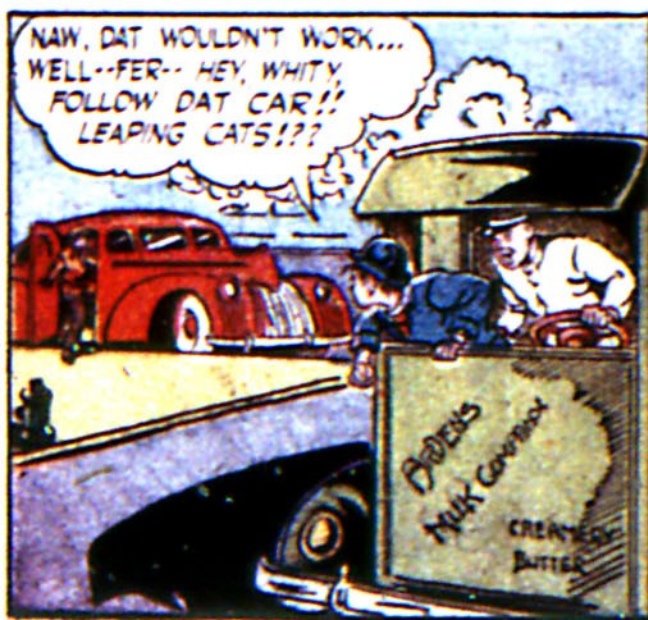
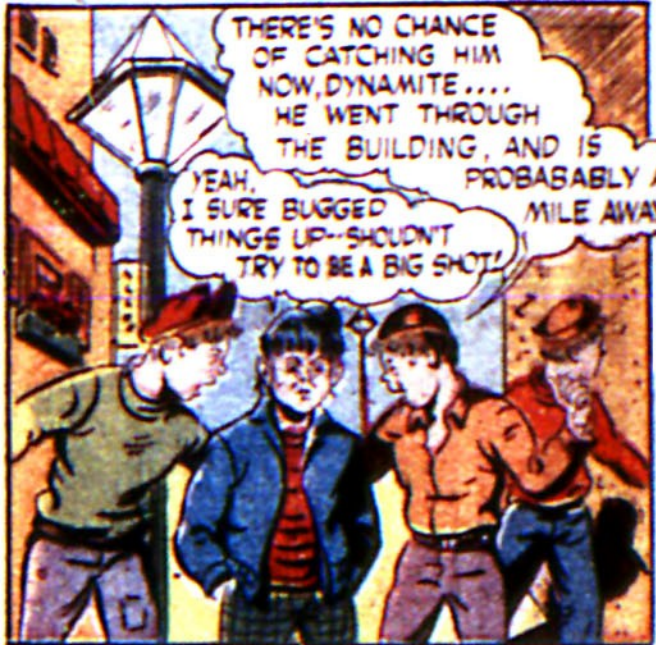
THE LITTLE DYNAMITERS HAVE A CONTEST.

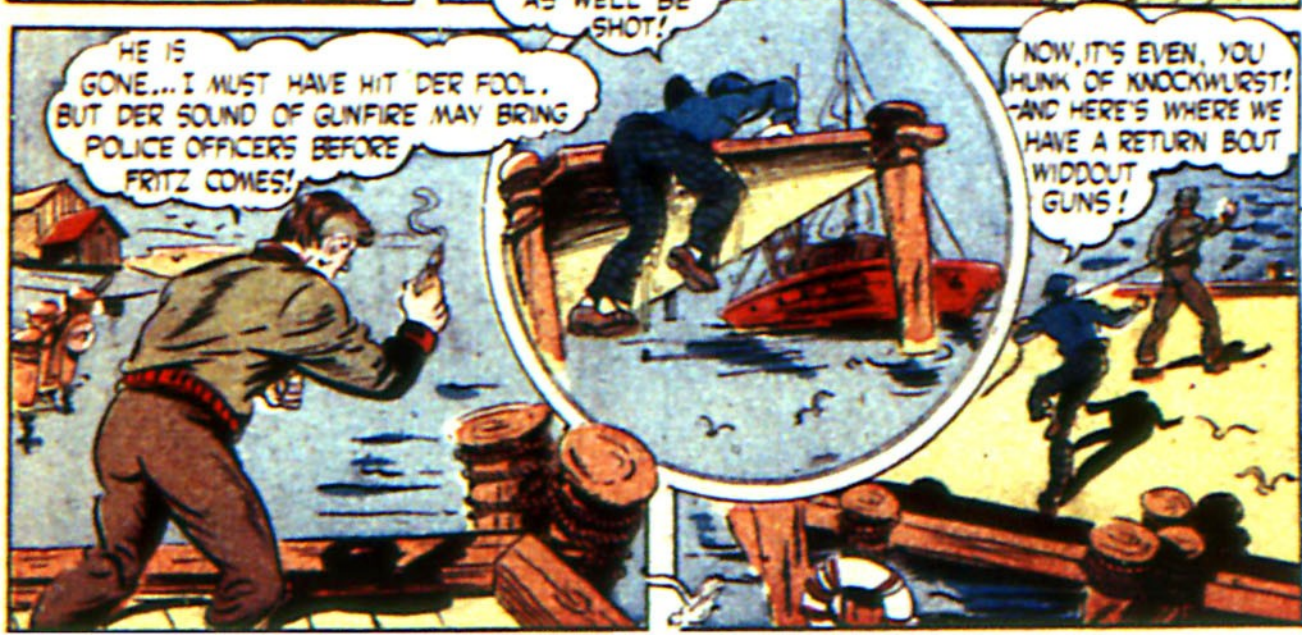
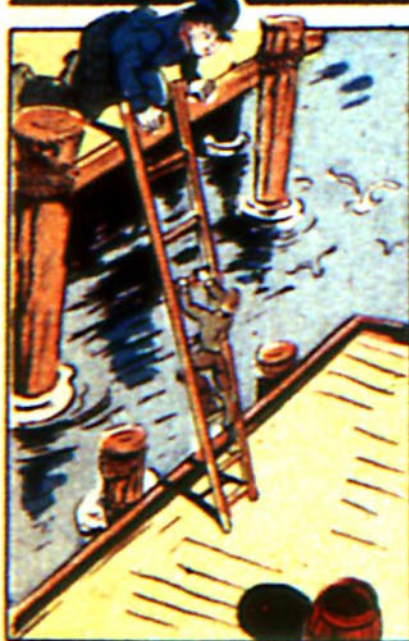












YOU WUZ PRETTY CLEVER ON D'PIRE ESCAPE BUT I WISED UP SINCE DEN!



DAT'S A GOOD OLE AMERICAN RIGHT CROSS AND YOU DIRTY NAZI RATS CAN MATCH IT...NOW SNAP OUT OF IT SO I CAN TAKE YER ROTTEN HIDE T'HEADQUARTERS!



SNAP OUT OF IT Y'SELF, YOUNG MAN, OR YOU WILL BE DEAD!



FRITZ.... YOU HAVE COME... UND IN DER KNICK OF TIME!

I ALWAYS APPEAR AT DER OPPERTUNE MOMENT, SAUERKAT!



YAH!... I HAFF DER PLANS, BUT FIRST-- DER BOY MUST BE DISPOSED OFF--



IF DEY'D ONLY GET HERE IN TIME!



YIPPI!

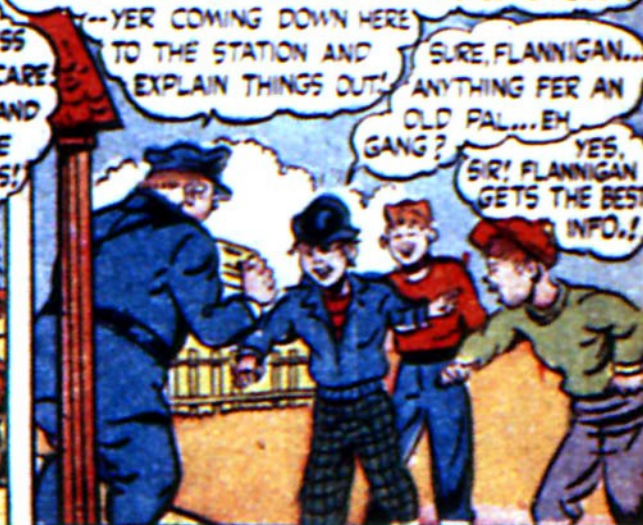
WE WERE OVER TO YOUR HOUSE...THAT'S HOW WHITY FOUND US SO QUICK!



YUP! AND WILL FLANNIGAN BE SURPRISED WHEN HE FINDS OUT!

GOOD OLD FLANNIGAN! I GUESS HE HAD QUITE A SCARE--LET'S FIND HIM, AND GIVE HIM THE PLANS!

SURE, DYNAMITE, AND YOU'LL BE THE DEATH OF ME YET... HOW IN THE DEVIL'S NAME DID ALL THIS COME ABOUT?



--YER COMING DOWN HERE TO THE STATION AND EXPLAIN THINGS OUT!

SURE, FLANNIGAN... ANYTHING FER AN OLD PAL...EH

YES, SIR! FLANNIGAN GETS THE BEST INFO.!

SWOOP STORM

WOW LONG CAN A GLIDER FLY?... SOME STAY UP MINUTES... OTHERS UNDER SPECIAL CONDITIONS MANY MANY HOURS... THIS MONTH SWOOP STORM BREAKS THE BACK OF TIME AS HE PERFORMS THE IMPOSSIBLE... JUST IMAGINE... A GLIDER THAT CAN OUTLAST AN ORDINARY AIRPLANE IN THE AIR...!

BY
YOLD
AND
HOLLY

LONG DISTANCE PLEASE...
YES... I WANT TO SPEAK TO
MR. RICHARD DEAN... THAT'S
RIGHT!

HEY SWOOP!
WHATCHA DOING
CALLING DICKIE
DEAN?

SAY
HELLO
FOR
ME!

I'VE GOT SOMETHING IMPORTANT
TO ASK HIM... HELLO... DICKIE...
THIS IS SWOOP STORM... WILL YOU
SEND ME YOUR MAGNETIC REPELLING
INVENTION?... I'VE GOT AN IDEA
FOR A NEW TYPE OF GLIDER
WHICH IT MIGHT BE
USED ON!

SURE THING...
I'LL HAVE A
GUARD START
WITH IT
RIGHT OFF...
BUT BE
CAREFUL
OF IT!

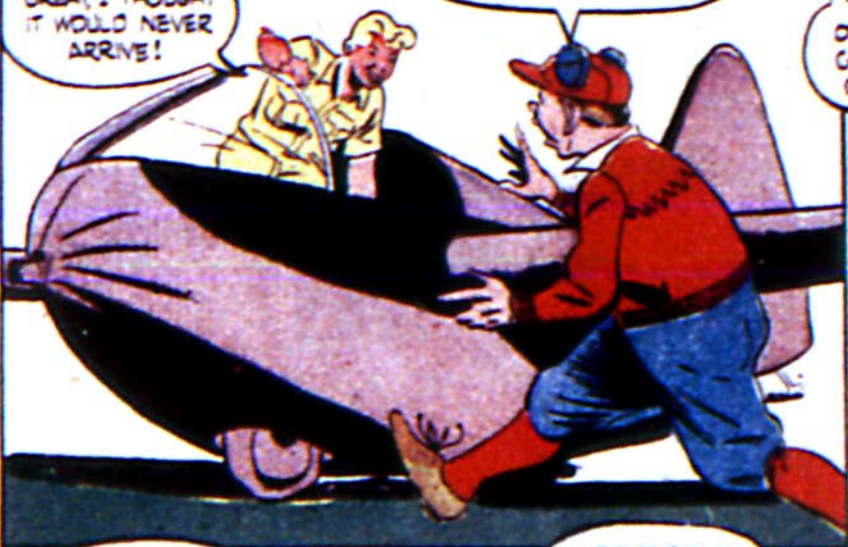
TEN DAYS LATER

GREAT, I THOUGHT
IT WOULD NEVER
ARRIVE!

YIPPI...IT'S HER, SWOOP!
DICKIE'S MACHINE!

AW FOR PETE'S SAKE...
WHAT IS THIS?...DON'T
TELL ME THAT HUNK
OF JUMBLED MACHINERY
CAN DO ANYTHING
GOOD!

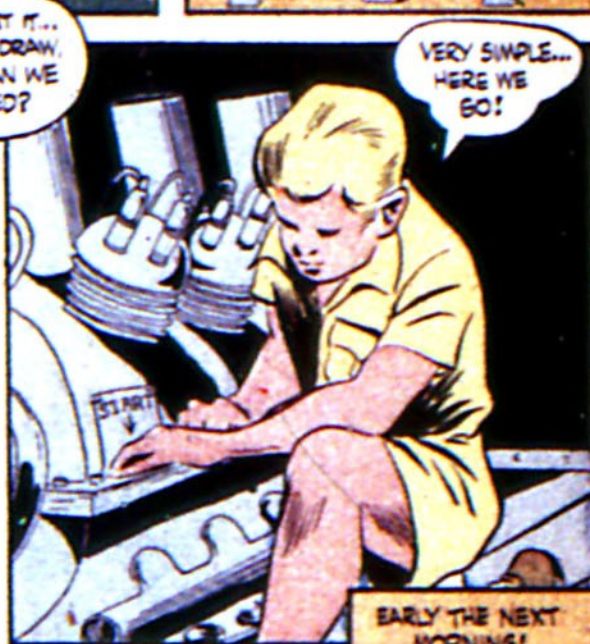
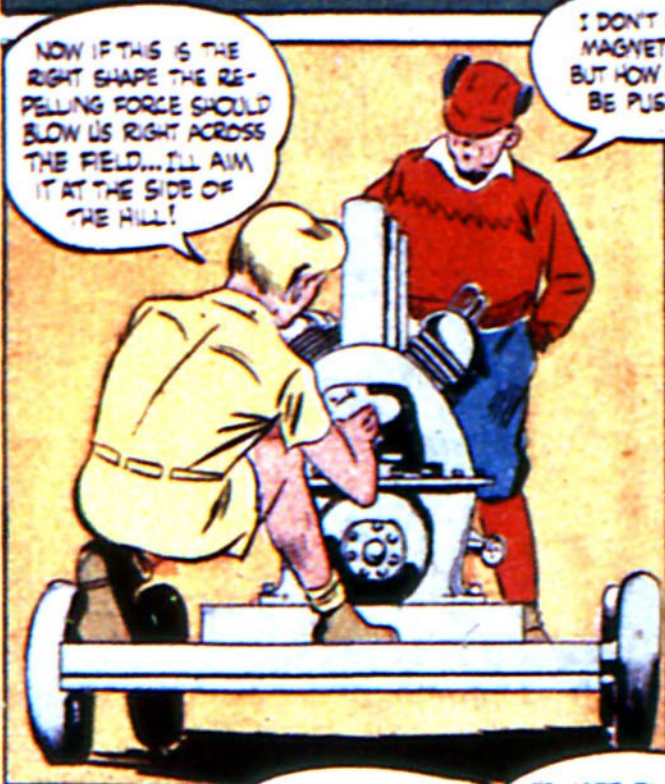
THAT'S YOUR
OPINION...HELP
ME GET IT ON OUR
TROLLEY...I WANT
TO TEST IT!



NOW IF THIS IS THE
RIGHT SHAPE THE RE-
PELLING FORCE SHOULD
BLOW US RIGHT ACROSS
THE FIELD...I'LL AIM
IT AT THE SIDE OF
THE HILL!

I DON'T GET IT...
MAGNETS DRAW,
BUT HOW CAN WE
BE PUSHED?

VERY SIMPLE...
HERE WE
GO!



EARLY THE NEXT
MORNING!

WE'RE OFF...
BOY O BOY
A PERFECT
SHAPE!

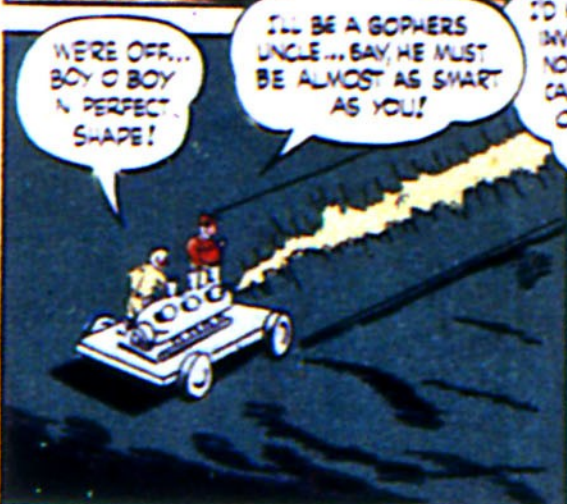
I'LL BE A GOPHERS
UNCLE...BAY, HE MUST
BE ALMOST AS SMART
AS YOU!

I'D HATE TO MATCH
INVENTIONS WITH HIM!
NOW TO SEE IF WE
CAN MOUNT THIS
ON THE GLIDER
RIGHT!

I GET IT
NOW...THIS
WILL KEEP
THE GLIDER
UP WITHOUT
ANY GASOLINE
OR ANYTHING!

BUT HOW
CAN THAT
MACHINE
GET US OFF
THE GROUND,
SWOOP?

IT WON'T...
THE REGULAR
TOW LINE WILL
DO THE TRICK!
THEN WE'LL TURN
THE REPELLING
APPARATUS ON
WHEN WE GET
OUR ALTITUDE!





ALL SET...
LET 'ER
RIDE!

NOW HOLD ON TIGHT,
THIS ISN'T THE SMOOTHEST
TAKE OFF SET UP IN
THE WORLD!



NOT BAD...

PSHEW THIS IS DUCK SOUP
AFTER THE STUFF I'VE BEEN
THROUGH WITH YOU... I GUESS
MAYBE I'M JUST A BORN
FLYER!



NOW HERE GOES
THE REPELLING
MACHINE!



THE OPPOSITE MAGNETISM TAKES
HOLD AND SNOOP'S SHIP POPE
UPWARD!

SHE WORKS...
BOY WHAT POWER...
NOW IF IT ONLY
DOESN'T DIMINISH!

WULP!



FIRST DAY

GOSH!
WE COULD
JUST GO ON
AND ON
LIKE THIS!

WHEN...
YEAH, BUT
I DON'T
FEEL TOO
GOOD!



SECOND DAY

NO THANKS...
I-I DON'T FEEL
LIKE EATING!

I GUESS I WASN'T SO OVER-
OPTIMISTIC WHEN I LOADED UP
WITH FOOD... HAVE ANOTHER
HAM SANDWICH!



THIRD DAY

DON'T THINK I CAN STAY
AWAKE MUCH LONGER...
WE BETTER HEAD DOWN
SOON, EH, WINKIE?

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

MEANWHILE DOWN BELOW—MILES OUT IN DENSE COUNTRY!

FRITZ...DAS IS MOST ASTONISHING—DOT IS, DER SAME PLANE DOT HAS BEEN FLYING ABOUT FOR THREE DAYS!

BAH, DOT IS IMPOSSIBLE... NO PLANE COULD DO DOT WITHOUT LANDING!

NO... YE GAOS... HE'S RIGHT... I REMEMBER DER SAME SNAKE OF DOT ON DER TAIL GET THE GLASSES!

UND DAT MUST BE VUN UFF HIS NEW INVENTIONS, A PERPETUAL GLIDER!

MEN GOTT... DAT PERSON UP DERE... HE IS SNOOP STORM... DER FAMOUS AVIATION INVENTOR!

WE SHOOT HIM DOWN AT VUNCE AND FIND OUT VOT IS CAUSING DIS PHENOMENON OF SCIENCE!

AH... I HAF IT... WE WAIT UNTIL HE SNOOPS LOW... DEN BANG BANG BANG OFF MITT DER TAIL!

FOOL! DEN DER INVENTION MUST BE RUINED!



OK WINKS... ONE MORE DIVE AND WE'LL HEAD HOME!

YAWN... FUH? I MEAN HOME... GOOD... LET'S GO YAWN... GO HOME!



WHAT IN SAM HILL?

STRANGE I HEAR STRANGE NOISES LIKE GUNS!



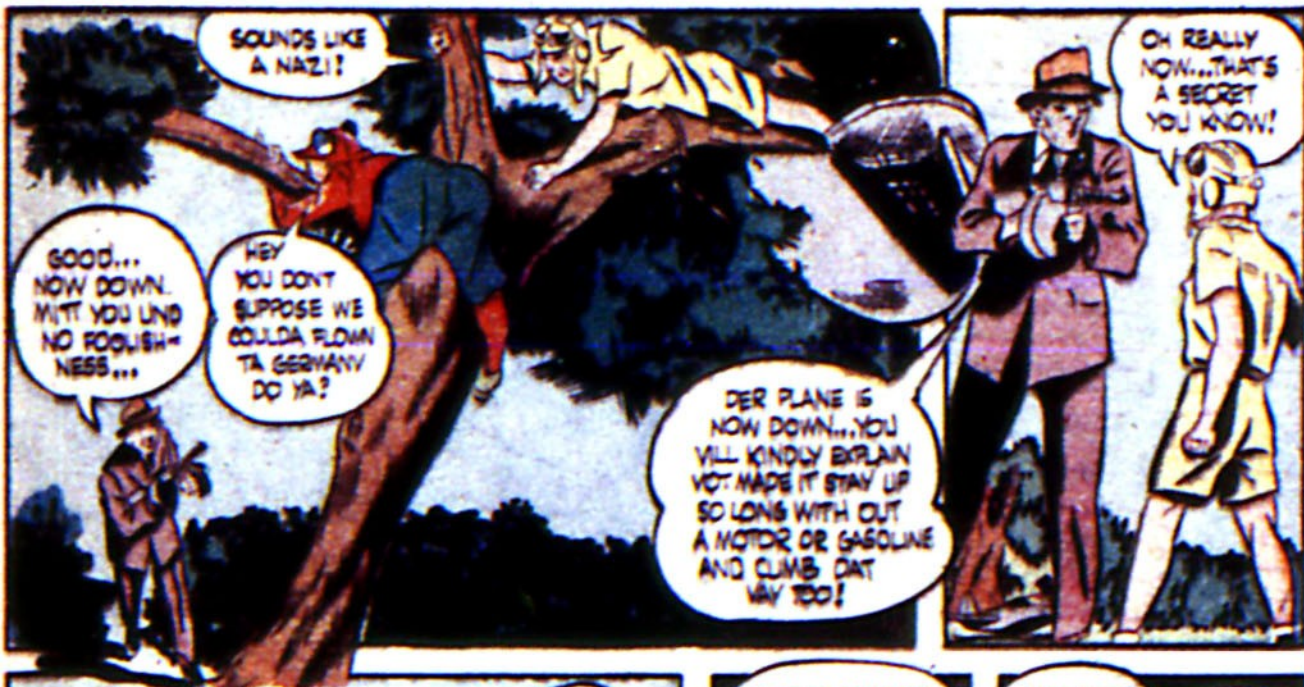
IT WAS GUNS... OUR TAIL IS SHOT TO PIECES... PREPARE TO CRASH!

YIPE!



HANG ON!

ONTO WHAT?





HELP BEAT THE AXIS BY COLLECTING WASTE PAPER!!!

PAPER IS ESSENTIAL TO OUR MEN AT THE FIGHTING FRONTS!!!

IN ADDITION TO PACKING MATERIALS AND PAPER BOARD CONTAINERS SUCH AS ARE USED FOR BLOOD PLASMA UNCLE SAM NEEDS PAPER FOR MANY MILITARY ITEMS - SUCH AS:-

WING TIPS

PRACTICE BOMBS

PARACHUTE FLARES

BOMB BANDS

SHELL CONTAINERS

AIRPLANE SIGNALS

AND MANY OTHERS

A CRIMEBUSTER SPECIAL

BY
LEV GLEASON
AND
CHARLES BIRD



HEY GANG! GUESS WHAT!!
CRIMEBUSTER'S MONKEY,
SQUEEKS, IS ON THE
SCHOOL FLAGPOLE!

I WON'T
BELIEVE IT!!
UNTIL I SEE
IT-OUT OF
MY WAY!

LEAD ME
TO HIM!

HEY
SQUEEKS,
HERE SQUEEKS!
HA HA! HE'S
SALUTING

LOOK!
HE'S SALUTING
THE FLAG!
GOSH HE'S
CUTE!

AN'
SMART
TOO!

I HEAR
HE'S NOT AFRAID
OF ANYTHING!
HEY SQUEEKS,
WHERE'S
CRIMEBUSTER?

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S
FIRE-I'LL BET A SODA,
CRIMEBUSTER IS
RIGHT AROUND HERE
SOMEPLACE!

YOU'RE
DAY DREAMIN'
WHAT WOULD
CRIMEBUSTER
WANT WITH
US?

HEY
FELLERS!
LOOK!!
CRIMEBUSTER!

WHAT DO
YOU SAY BOYS!
THE PLEDGE OF
ALLEGIANCE
ALL TOGETHER!

I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE
TO THE FLAG OF THE
UNITED STATES,
AND TO THE REPUBLIC
FOR WHICH IT STANDS
ONE NATION
INDIVISIBLE WITH
LIBERTY AND JUSTICE
FOR ALL...

I APOLOGIZE!
GEE-CRIMEBUSTER!
IN THE FLESH!
ASK HIM TO TEACH
US HOW TO FIGHT!

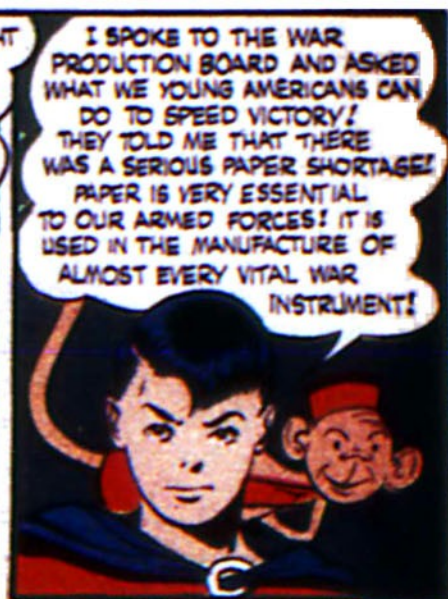
ASK HIM YOURSELF!
I'M GONNA FIND OUT
WHAT HE'S DOIN' AROUND
HERE-HEY CRIMEBUSTER,
YOU'RE SO BUSY, WHY
DO YOU WASTE TIME
TALKING TO US KIDS?



WHO'S WASTING TIME? — YOU FELLERS ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS IN AMERICA! YOU'RE THE MAYORS, GOVERNORS, AND PRESIDENTS OF TOMORROW!



THIS WAR IS BEING FOUGHT TO MAKE THIS WORLD A BETTER PLACE FOR YOU TO LIVE IN...TO KEEP AMERICA FREE!! IT'S A TOUGH FIGHT AHEAD AND IT'S GOING TAKE ALL OUR EFFORTS TO BRING THE ENEMY TO ITS KNEES!



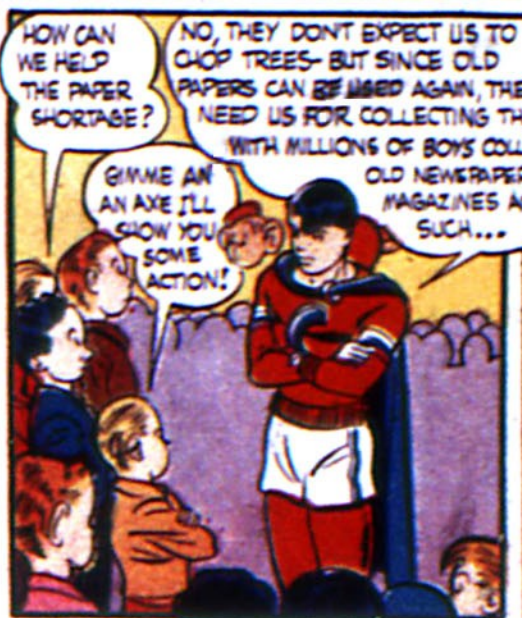
I SPOKE TO THE WAR PRODUCTION BOARD AND ASKED WHAT WE YOUNG AMERICANS CAN DO TO SPEED VICTORY! THEY TOLD ME THAT THERE WAS A SERIOUS PAPER SHORTAGE! PAPER IS VERY ESSENTIAL TO OUR ARMED FORCES! IT IS USED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF ALMOST EVERY VITAL WAR INSTRUMENT!



FOR FOOD!
IN PLANES!
FOR SHELLS, FOR FACKING AMMUNITION! OUR FIGHTING MEN DEPEND ON US TO DELIVER THE GOODS!



WHEREVER AND WHENEVER THEY NEED IT! WE BOYS AT HOME MUST DO EVERYTHING WE CAN TO HELP THEM WIN THEIR BATTLES - THE REASON THERE IS A PAPER SHORTAGE IS BECAUSE PAPER COMES FROM WOOD AND MOST OF THE WOOD CHOPPERS HAVE GONE TO WAR!



HOW CAN WE HELP THE PAPER SHORTAGE?

NO, THEY DONT EXPECT US TO CHOP TREES- BUT SINCE OLD PAPERS CAN BE USED AGAIN, THEY NEED US FOR COLLECTING THEM!

WITH MILLIONS OF BOYS COLLECTING OLD NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES AND SUCH...

GIMME AN AN AXE I'LL SHOW YOU SOME ACTION!



EVERY READER OF THIS MAGAZINE IS NEEDED TO HELP! WILL YOU START COLLECTING WASTE PAPER TODAY?

BOYS, WASTE PAPER IS URGENTLY NEEDED, FOR SUPPLIES FOR OUR SOLDIERS, FOR THE HOME FRONT. WITHOUT MORE PAPER WE WONT HAVE ANY COMIC MAGAZINES... GATHER EVERY BIT OF WASTE PAPER, OLD NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, CARTONS, AND WRAPPING PAPER. TAKE IT TO YOUR LOCAL COLLECTION DEPOT. YOUR TEACHER, BOY SCOUT LEADER, OR JUNK DEALER WILL TELL YOU WHERE YOU'LL BE PAID FOR THE PAPER YOU COLLECT. THEN FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW AND MAIL IT TO ME. *Crimebuster*

CRIMEBUSTER,
114 EAST 32ND ST.,
NEW YORK, 16, N.Y.

I HAVE COLLECTED AND TURNED IN _____ POUNDS OF SCRAP PAPER ALREADY. I WILL BE ABLE TO COLLECT _____ POUNDS EACH WEEK FROM NOW ON!

SIGNED _____

ADDRESS _____